JOHN BULL, AUGUST 15, 1925 — *Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.* — Postage in U.K. or Abroad, 1d.

JOHN BULL

SATURDAY, AUGUST 15, 1925. TWOPENCE.

DRINK AND ENJOY LIPTON'S TEA

ON TO THE MILLION OUR COMING — JUPITER

Can we Afford CHURCHILL?

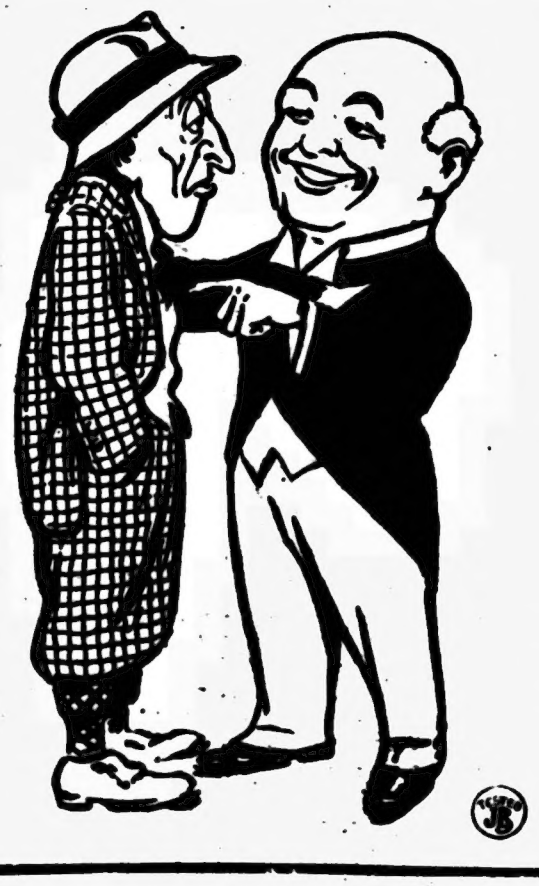
by A. G. GARDINER

Are you out of sorts?

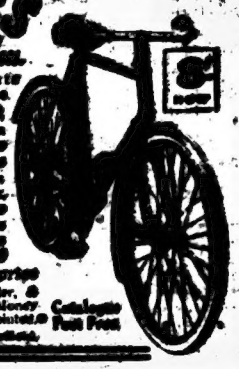
IF so, you cannnot do better than try a course of Beecham's Pills. They stimulate the appetite; promote sound digestion: correct irregularities of the stomach, liver and bowels: assist in the proper assimilation of food and reinvigorate the entire system. If you are run down or "out of sorts"

Try

Beecham's Pills



GRAVES



All components parts of proved excellence. Lady's Model same price. Terms 5/- with order, & balance 5/- monthly. Money refunded if at all dissatisfied. Catalogue Post Free.

J. G. GRAVES Ltd. Sheffield.

ONLY 1/- NOW.

ALL SIZES

SEND **1/-**

AN AMAZING OFFER which places within your means Masters' guaranteed all leather famous "Outdoor" boots (tan or black) extra thick soles, leather lined and built for hard wear. A boot which will satisfy the most particular, now offered on these extraordinary easy terms that everybody can afford to pay, and you have a boot that looks good, is really good, and wear guaranteed. Price only 25/- on simple easy terms to accepted orders—1/- deposit now, 2/- in ten days, and 3/- monthly, and you have the boots to wear while paying your monthly instalments. Send 1/- now (P.O. or stamps) and say what size we shall send you Full satisfaction or deposit returned. Price List Free.

Ltd., 83, Hope Stores, RYE.

VENEREAL DISEASES
"QUACKS"

Quack treatment is not only expensive; it is useless, injurious, and illegal.

A sane person would surely not consult a Quack about a dangerous illness, yet many people do so as soon as venereal infection is suspected, and are often falsely informed that they are diseased; the recognition of the disease, or freedom from it, demands expert medical skill and attention.

The only sure road to recovery is to consult your own doctor, or attend at one of the Free Treatment Centres, where treatment may be had both free of charge and under conditions of secrecy.

Full information free (in plain cover) may be obtained from the Hon. Medical Secretary, British Social Hygiene Council Incorporated, Dept. P., Cartaret House, 1, Cartaret Street, Westminster, S.W. 1, and his advice will be available free at this address on Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays, from 12.30 to 2 p.m., and on Tuesdays and Thursdays from 5 to 7 p.m. No examination or treatment is undertaken at these offices.

Write for five useful booklets for Parents, 1s. 4d. the set. Six useful booklets for Girls, 1s. 4d. the set. Seven useful booklets for Young Men, 1s. 8d. the set, all post free in plain cover.

BATHING TRAGEDY

JOHN BULL PAYS £250 TO WIDOW

A BATHING tragedy which has plunged a little home into mourning has occurred at Acomb, Hexham-on-Tyne. The victim is Mr. J. H. Snowball of the Queens Arms Hotel. One ray of comfort however remains for the bereaved widow, for Mr. Snowball had the foresight to register for JOHN BULL Free Insurance Gift. JOHN BULL has therefore dispatched to Mrs. Snowball a cheque for £250. In addition to boating, bathing and other accidents, JOHN BULL'S Free Insurance covers its readers against FIRE, STORM and SICKNESS. *You* may need its help some day. Sign the forms now.

CUT HERE.

POST THIS COUPON TO "JOHN BULL."

To "John Bull" Registration Department, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

I have sent an order form to my newsagent for the regular weekly delivery of JOHN BULL. Please register me as a regular reader.

Reader's Name..... Age....
in full (CAPITAL LETTERS.)

Address.....

.....

Reader's Signature.....

Name and Address of Newsagent.....

.....

Date.....

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY. J.B. 15/8/25.

One ½d. stamp. Don't send envelope. A certificate setting out the full benefits and conditions and enrolling registration will be sent on receipt of ½d. stamped addressed envelope.

CUT HERE.

HAND THIS COUPON TO YOUR NEWSAGENT.

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.

To (Name of Newsagent).....

Address.....

.....

Please deliver or reserve JOHN BULL for me weekly until further notice.

Signature.....

Address.....

Date.....

Cash the Coupons—John Bull's Wonderful Offer

See What You Get!

(1) The 5/- "John Bull" Lever Self-Filling Pen, fitted with safety-cap and 14-ct. solid gold nib, iridium tipped—beautifully chased—admittedly worth 10/6.

(2) FREE, a 2/6 "Everpointed" Pencil of classic design, complete with refills.

PRICE - - - - - - - 5/-

WITH SIX COUPONS . . 4/-

Send us your name and address and attach the coupons to your letter.

IMPORTANT.

This great offer has proved so wonderfully popular that we have decided to extend it and make ALL Coupons (any date) available until Sept. 30.

Our "Cash the Coupons" offer is a tremendous success! The chance of a lifetime to own the famous "John Bull" 5/- Pen, pocket 6 shillings, and receive a 2/6 "Everpointed" Pencil FREE! Remember, ONLY A LIMITED SERIES OF COUPONS WILL BE ISSUED.

(A 29) JOHN BULL

PEN COUPON—VALUE 2d.

This Coupon will be accepted as 2d. in part payment of the John Bull 5/- Lever Self-Filling Pen, with which is presented FREE a 2/6 Everpointed Pencil. Collect Coupons to any number up to twelve. ANY DATE may be cut from "John Bull" and will be accepted in part payment. Your Pen may be obtained by sending Postal Order or P.O. for 4/3 (which includes postage and registration), Pocket Clip, 2d. extra. Cross Cheques & P.O.'s "& Co." and make payable to "John Bull." State if fine—medium—broad nib required.

John Bull Pen Dept., Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

YEAST IS LIFE!

Irving's Yeast-Vite Tablets.
A Lightning Pick-me-up.

IRVING'S *Yeast-Vite* TABLETS will relieve

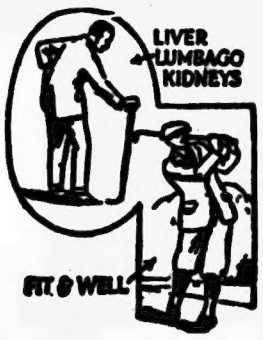
Headache, Neuralgia, etc., in 5 minutes.

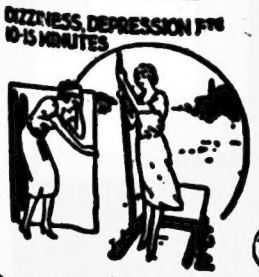
Indigestion, Flatulence, in 5 to 10 minutes.

Biliousness, Dizziness, Depression, in 10 to 15 minutes.

Disordered Stomach, Liver, etc., in 10 to 20 minutes.

Influenza Colds, Fever, in 24 hours





The greatest medical discovery of the century! Pure Yeast and Vitamins—No harmful drugs. The gentle fermentation of the Yeast when in contact with the gastric juices of the stomach causes a stimulating, buoyant feeling of extreme vigour. Take a tablet or two and feel fresh and frisky in a few minutes.

OUR GUARANTEE Obtain a 1/3 box from your Chemist. If your health does not improve perceptibly post us the empty box and we will refund your money immediately.

£100 Cash will be paid to anyone proving that the following extracts from unsolicited testimonials are not genuine. We have received thousands of letters from satisfied users, and these are open to inspection.

17013—Dr. N. writes: "I am prescribing the tablets regularly. Please send a box to my brother (invoice to me), as I want him to take the treatment."

18224—Dr. P.: "I find the tablets an excellent tonic and would thank you for a further supply to distribute among my patients."

25333—I thought you might be interested in results of my tests. Two influenza cases quickly cured. Tem. 104 brought to normal in 12 hours. Several headache patients—pain disappeared almost instantly.

21984—Mother was so run down, nervous and depressed following the death of father, and an attack of influenza left her in a collapsed state with neuralgia. The effect of the very first box of Yeast-Vite was simply marvellous.

25234—I have suffered 10 years with anæmia, nerves and terrible coughs. Thanks to Yeast-Vite this is the first winter for years that I have not been laid up. I am afraid to be without them.

25238—For 18 years I have suffered terribly with my head and had to give up work. On recommendation I tried Yeast-Vite and am now back at work and never felt better.

22761—I shall feel eternally grateful to you for enabling me to regain my health and I shall never be without Yeast-Vite in the house. I recommended them to six friends last week.

21967—Thanks for your confidential medical advice. The boils have now entirely disappeared.

21607—Suffering with nerves and general run-down conditions, I tried lots of medicines without relief, I tried Yeast-Vite, and can assure you that I feel 200 per cent. better.

21113—A matron of the Girls' Training Homes: I have found the tablets efficacious. I have also tested them thoroughly myself, and have been surprised to prove them to be such a real "lightning pick-me-up." I shall always have them by me in future.

21224—I was miserable, irritable and nervous, but thanks to Yeast-Vite, I am better in every way Please publish this, and let the public know how much good they have done me.

23574—I heartily endorse all your claims. Yeast-Vite tablets are marvellous! I can now eat cheese, pickles, pastry or anything I fancy, and am enjoying relief from dietetic slavery.

22373—Nurse A. L.: I was ready to go into hospital for gastric ulcer. The pain nearly drove me mad Medicine made it worse, but Yeast-Vite stopped the pain in less than 10 minutes! They are perfectly wonderful. I recommend them to everybody!

21111—Whilst at the nursing home I had to take what Dr. B. prescribed. I suffered terribly with my head, and I felt miserable without my Yeast-Vites, but I induced a friend to get me a box, and next morning I was much brighter and myself again. The sisters noticed it, and the matron remarked, "What a change, Mrs. E.; you are looking wonderfully well, to-day. Good old Dr. B." But I said to myself. "Good old Yeast-Vite!"

20943—I have suffered from indigestion for eight years. The pain at times almost killed me, and I could not eat, sleep, or do anything. After taking only four tablets the pains disappeared, and I have had no discomfort since.

Caution.—Avoid rank imitations which have no therapeutic value and are unstamped. Genuine Irving's "Yeast-Vite" tablets are always sealed with Government stamp.

Send postcard for free treatise on Anæmia, Nerves, Skin Blemishes, Constipation, Colds, Insomnia, Rheumatism, Pains, etc.

IRVING'S YEAST-VITE LABORATORIES, "Cecil House," Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C.1.

Corns Gone *after 15 Minutes*

You know what years of agony corns can cause you. They make your feet tender all over. And those stabbing, throbbing pains will continue *unless you remove the cause of the trouble—the root of the corns.* Plastering or cutting will not get rid of them. The only satisfactory way to remove corns is to dip your feet into a Radox foot bath. Even after one Radox bath your corns will probably become so soft that you will be able to lift them out, root and all. An enthusiastic Radox user writes:

"I can say from experience that Radox is far superior to many other bath salts on the market. I have had bad feet ever since I can remember and have tried dozens of preparations without success. About a week ago I decided to give Radox a test. The result was wonderful. After 15 minutes' immersion I was able to remove my corn, root and all."

14th July, 1925. *P. N.*

When you put your feet into a foot-bath containing Radox the salts soften the hard outer-layers of the corn, and the oxygen which Radox liberates enters the pores, opens them and penetrates further and further, carrying the corn-softening salts right to the root of the corn, which is thus loosened, so that it may be lifted out bodily. The life-giving oxygen leaves the feet clean and healthy. It is the oxygen which carries the corn-solvents to the root of the corn, and you can actually see the cloud of oxygen bubbles which Radox liberates when put into the water. Ask for Radox at your chemist's, price 1/6 per ½ lb. pink packet, 2/6 double quantity.

1/6 *Half-Pound Pink Packet.*

Radox Bath Salts

GIVE YOUR FEET THAT "KRUSCHEN FEELING."

COOL TO THE LAST SHRED.

It goes into your pipe fresh, fragrant, enticing. It tumbles out a clean, fine ash leaving no half-burned embers, no waste — and no regrets.

St. Julien
TOBACCO
A Tobacco of uncommon Merit

per 10½D. oz.

What other pleasure recurs a dozen times a day?

10 for 5½D

20 for 11D

The Joy of PLAYER'S WHITE LABEL

Navy Cut Cigarettes

Full size

Old Virginia Tobacco

PW12

Reg. No. 154,011.

SMALL ADS. WORTH WATCHING

Prepaid Rate : 8s. per line averaging six words. Minimum Charge, 24s.

Address : The Advertisement Manager, "John Bull," 57-59, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

FOR SMALL TRADERS, SHOPKEEPERS.

MONEY-MAKING Bargains for Shopkeepers and beginners.—Sell manufacturers' clearing lines and travellers' samples in General Drapery much below ordinary price. Big profit certain. Wholesale Catalogue free. — Wolfson's Warehouse, 48, Thomas Street, Manchester.

CHEAPEST Wholesale House for Beginners for drapery, hosiery, boots, clothing, etc. Send for free cat.—H. Marks, 81, Houndsditch, E.1.

REMNANT TRADE. Make money selling Prints, Hosiery, Prints, Towels, Travellers' Samples, Clearing lines. Real bargains. Shops supplied. 20/-, parcels, upwards. Send for Illustrated Catalogue free.—Cochrane's Wholesale Warehouse, 6, Victoria Bridge, Manchester.

DRAPERY Remnants, Cut Lengths (Wholesale only); list free.—H. H. Clegg (Dept. J. B.), 96, High Street, Manchester.

SHOPKEEPERS and Beginners requiring cheap lines in Hosiery, Underwear, Blouses, Jumpers, Overalls, Shirts, Collars, Ties, etc., write for Illustrated Cat. to S. Mosco, Dept. J.B., 8, Lever Street, Piccadilly, Manchester.

HOSIERY, Towels, Shirts, Sheets, Overalls, Lingerie, etc., at rock-bottom prices.—Edgar Brooke, 304, High Road, Kilburn, N.W.6.

AGENTS WANTED.

"FREEMAN'S" Spare-Time Agency.—See Large Advert. on page 27.

AGENTS. World's Greatest Choc. & Cig. Club. Largest cash comm. Everything to start free.—Wroe Bros., Ltd., Dept. 80, 91, York St., Leeds.

XMAS Chocolate, Cigarette and Toy Clubs. Agents wanted for largest Club Merchants in England. Wonderful terms. Est. 25 yrs.—Dennis and Co., Dept. O., Colne, Lancashire.

XMAS CHOCOLATE CLUBS. Spare-time Agents wanted. Good remuneration. No outlay, best makes only supplied. Pars. free.—Samuel Driver, South Market, Hunslet Lane, Leeds.

CHOCOLATE and Cigarette Clubs. Agents wanted. Generous terms. Best makes.—W. Garratt, 30a, Stockley Street, Northampton.

MONEY IN HARD CASH YOURS CERTAIN by selling the celebrated "Castle" Private Christmas Cards. Whole or spare-time agents wanted, both sexes. No outlay, no risk. Magnificent free sample book and prizes for agents.—Write for particulars to-day and let us prove it. Castle Publishing Co., 103, Anchor Court, Preston.

XMAS Chocolate, Cigarette and Toy CLUBS. Agents wanted. Best terms in the trade. Good commission. Fine presents to all agents. No outlay.—Hope (Colne), Ltd., Dept. 125, Colne, Lancashire.

SPARE-TIME Agents required to sell remarkable lines of working Trousers. Good commission offered.—Apply Hinton Bros., Eastleigh, Hants.

A BEAUTIFUL SAMPLE BOOK free to first 1,000 applicants to sell Private Xmas Cards. Choice designs. Latest novelties. Highest commissions. Valuable prizes. Firth, Graham & Co., Dept. 130, Accrington. "A Firm with a reputation."

ROLLED GOLD Patent Expanding Sleeve Links. Enable you to pull the cuffs above arm without unfastening. 2/6 per pair. Agents wanted.—Sydney George, Dept. C, Moseley Road, Birmingham.

AGENTS wanted to form Blanket Clubs. Splendid line, good profits certain.—Write Jacks Ltd., Oakfield Street, Altrincham.

SITUATIONS VACANT.

A BIG OPPORTUNITY OCCURS FOR AMBITIOUS MEN.—Leading firms are constantly applying to Mr. Wallace Attwood for trained Salesmen to fill well-paid posts. You can qualify for one in your spare time by studying the Wallace Attwood Course of Scientific Salesmanship. It is inexpensive, practical and simple. It comprises Postal Lectures and Practical Demonstrations. Mr. Wallace Attwood guarantees to introduce you to a good post when you are proficient. Write for call for Free Booklet, "The Profession of Salesmanship," which explains how Attwood Salesmen are trained to success.—The Wallace Attwood College, 98T, Bedford Row, London, W.C.1.

KNITTERS wanted to work Golden Fleece Knitting Machines at home; guaranteed wage or output; experience not necessary. Send 1d. stamp for prospectus.—S. B. M. Co., Dept. 91, Clerkenwell Road, E.C.1.

THE ROYAL AIR FORCE requires Acetylene Welders, Carpenters for training as Carpenter Riggers, Cooks and Butchers, Fitters for training as Fitters Aero Engines, Hospital Orderlies, Photographers, Tinsmiths and Sheet Metal Workers and Wireless Operators. Age limits, 18 to 30. Also young men of superior education between the ages of 18 and 21 for training as Wireless Operators, Carpenters, and Amateur Photographers for training as Photographers. Pay from 21/- to 30/6 per week on enlistment and all found. Allowance for wife and children to men of 26 and over. Write, stating age, or call, R.A.F. Recruiting Depots, 4, Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, London, W.C.2, 41, Church Street, Birmingham, or 100, New Bridge Street, Newcastle-on-Tyne.

KNITTERS wanted to work Imperial Knitting Machines at home. Good wages guar. Exp. unnec. Easy terms arrngd. Stmp for Pros., Dept. C. Imperial Hosiery Co., 97, Gray's Inn Rd., W.C.

SPARE-TIME Agents reqd. No outlay. Good comm. and £187 in prizes.—Popular Choc. Co., Dept. J.B., 72, Judd St., London, W.C.1.

PART-TIME AGENCY.—Splendid opportunity offered persons in regular employment to sell Clothing, Boots, Drapery, etc. Cash or Cash. Liberal Com.—J. Holt (Dept. J.J. 1, Dunlin Lane, Blackburn.

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES, SERVICES.

DO YOU ADVERTISE? Your advertisement inserted in 80 Provincial or London and Suburban Newspapers, 7/10; 25 country, 2/6. Covering Wales, 5/8. Many others. Prospectus free.—Central Press (Series Dept. 60), 190, Strand, London.

START a Business in Drapery, etc., from £1 upwards. Special attention to Widows and Beginners. Write for advice and list H.—Levaine (Dept. J.B.), 143, Houndsditch, E.1.

BUILD up a Mail Order Business without buying stock. Scheme endorsed by authorities. —Write Noble Bros., Pelham St., Nottingham.

CHEAP PRINTING.—1,000 Billheads fr. 5/6, Handbills fr. 7/6. Memos, Business Cards, etc. Samp. free.—Cretcway Press, 8, Buxted, Sussex.

READERS should not fail to read Hodgson's wonderful offer on page 22.

A FREE TRIAL TUBE of Gibbs Shaving Cream. See advert. on page 25. Be careful to address your application to Dept. 82V, D. and W. Gibbs, Ltd., Cold Cream Works, London, E.1.

SEND a postcard for the wonderful free catalogue offered by the Midland Furnishing Co., Ltd., 10-18, Southampton Row, W.C.1, on page 29. Mention "John Bull."

DRESS.

REAL Harris and Shetland Homespuns, direct from makers; best quality only; patterns free.—Harris Tweed Depot, 1, James St., Stornoway.

FULLOTONE

OUR aim is to sell cabinet gramophones at a much more reasonable price than one finds in buying from ordinary sources. A successful means to this end is to afford you direct facilities for purchase from our factory. You can be sure that the FULLOTONE compares with advantage to decidedly more expensive store models.

No. 2 CABINET GRAND.—Beautifully finished cabinet, chiefly constructed of mahogany, inlaid Sheraton design, as illustrated. Height 3ft. 4in., Swiss double-spring 3-record motor, FULLOTONE Junior Sound-box, and accommodation for 100 records. All 1925 improvements.

FACTORY PRICE: £6:16:6

Or Six Monthly Payments of 24/1.

A13guinea model for £6.16.6 Direct from the factory

THE CABINET GRAMOPHONE CO.,
(Dept. J.B.7), 78, Camden Road, Camden Town, N.W.1. (North 2385.)
and the Service Co., 289, High Holborn, W.C., and T. & J. Roberts, Ltd., Moorhead, Sheffield.

The smaller illustrations show further examples from range of 20 models on view at our showrooms. Write for new illustrated catalogue and particulars of deferred payments.

7 DAYS FREE TRIAL

If dissatisfied after a week's free trial, return the instrument and we refund your money.

No. 2.

IF YOU SELL MAIL ORDER and your lines appeal to the "Million," describe them in these classified columns. One regular *JOHN BULL* want-ad. user writes: "I would be sorry to manage a mail order business without it." Rate 8/- per line (about six words). Minimum charge 24/-.—For further proof of the pulling power of *JOHN BULL* Want-Ads. or in sending an ad. address Small Advertisements Manager, *JOHN BULL*, 57-9, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

BARGAIN SALES.

FREE List of Wonderful Bargains. Cycles, Accessories, Wireless Sets, Components, Household Labour Savers, Tools for home and garden. Easy payments.—Townsheads, Ltd., Dept. 67, Birmingham.

BEDSTEADS, etc., DIRECT FROM FACTORY TO HOME. Latest designs in Metal and Wood-BEDDING, Wire Mattresses, Cots, etc., also Furniture. All goods sent carriage paid in perfectly new condition (nothing shop-soiled). Illustrated Lists post free. Cash or Instalments. Why pay retail prices? Established 35 years.—CHARLES RILEY, Desk 16, MOOR ST., BIRMINGHAM.

SPECIAL OFFER.—Talking parrots with cages from 30/-. Singing Canaries, 15/-. 3 months' trial.—List fr. Chapmans, 17, Tottenham Court Road, London.

FLOOR COVERINGS. — Thicker than Cork Lino. Damp-proof, Rot-proof. Sanitary. For any kind of floor, 2/- per sq. yd., carr. paid. Send now for Free Samples.—C. Jones & Son (Dept. J.B.), 93, Borough Road, London, S.E.1.

MUSICAL.

GRAMOPHONES 23/-, motors 12/-; accessories, Violins, Accordions, cheapest, 64-page list 2d. How to make Gramos.—Regentbull, 139, Old Street, London, E.C.1.

ACCORDIONS. Jazz Instruments, Violins, Banjos, Mandolines. Catalogue free.—Douglas, 98, King's Cambs., South St., London, E.C.2.

EDUCATIONAL, INSTRUCTION.

MASSAGE.—Leave the overcrowded labour market and learn something new. We teach Swedish Massage and all modern Manipulative Treatments at very low fees. Send for bklt. and learn what others have been able to do.—47, Smae Institute, Festing Grove, Portsmouth.

ONE HUNDRED NUDE STUDIES.—New enlarged figure drawing Course complete and post free 3/-.—Studio (J.B.), 39, Portland Crescent, Leeds.

MARKETING BY POST.

BUY TEA First Hand, Chips fr. 1/2, Indian 1/6 lb. Dust fr. 1/4, carr. paid 10 lb. List free.—Allan's, 41, Gt. Tower St., E.C.

PLUMS.—Finest Pershore Egg 12 lb. 4/6, 24 lb. 9/-, 48 lb. 17/. Carr. Paid. Packages free. Cash with order.—Humphrey & Stanton, Swann Terrace, Evesham.

LIVESTOCK, POULTRY, ETC.

SPECIAL OFFER. — Talking parrots with cages from 30/-. Singing Canaries, 15/-. 3 months' trial.—List fr. Chapmans, 17, Tottenham Court Road, London.

MEDICAL, CURATIVE.

WORMS CURED.—Artico Brand Worm Tablets are a Specialist's positive and permanent cure. They cure most virulent cases by calmly destroying the very cause of the worm's existence. No fasting, no dieting, no interference with daily habits. Send 1/6 for generous supply or 1½d. stamp for Free Pamphlet.—Rhyvard Tablet Co., 34-38, Codnor, Derby.

AN EXTRAORDINARY GUARANTEE! — VARICOSE VEINS, BAD LEGS, etc. FREE TRIAL TREATMENT. No conditions, no "if's" but one—if it fails to give relief very first application—MONEY REFUNDED. Astounding successes, hundreds testimonials. Prices, Ointment or Lotion (latter for use only where skin NOT broken, unequalled for Rheumatism, etc.), 3/- and 5/- post free.—Le Brasseur Surgical Co., Ltd. (Dept. N.P.), 26, Sackville Street, Piccadilly, London, W.1. Birmingham Branch: 90, Worcester Street.

STAMMERING.—I cured myself, you can cure yourself (or your child). Particulars free.—Frank Hughes (J.B.), Ltd., 7, Southampton Row, W.C.1

HOW TO STOP SMOKING.—Genuine Remedy proved by testimonials.—Write The Stanley Institute (J.B.), 21, Warwick Lane, E.C.4.

WHEN YOUR BONES ACHE, it cannot be indigestion. Perhaps you are too young to be getting old. It may be rheumatism—or perhaps sciatica. You will find instant relief in a Radio-Active Bath, easily prepared at home with Saltium Bath Salts, obtainable at all Chemists. Price 1/9.—Hy. J. Smith (Chemists), Ltd., 2, Stanley Road, Acton, W.

DON'T WEAR A TRUSS! Use Brooks' Rupture Appliance. New discovery. Wonderful. No lumpy pads, no springs, durable, cheap. Binds and draws parts together quickly. Sent on trial. Catalogue free.—Address, BROOKS APPLIANCE CO., LTD. (1284D), 80, Chancery Lane, London, W.C.2.

NEW LIFE TO WEARY, WORN-OUT NERVES.—To prove the value of "Probyn Nutrient" (The perfect Nerve Food), which is guaranteed to restore health, strength, and lost vitality to every nerve sufferer, we will send by return a TRIAL SUPPLY, ABSOLUTELY FREE. Do not delay. Write to-day for this safe, certain and speedy treatment.—B. E. Probyn Laboratories, 118, Pirbright Road, Southfields, London, S.W.18.

BLADDER WEAKNESS quickly cured by Parker's Remedy. 3/- bot. at Boot's or post free from Parker's Remedy Co., 18, James Street, Liverpool. Send 4d. stamps for sample.

BALDNESS, falling hair. Discovery grows hair, stops falling hair. Booklet, testimony, free.—J. J. B., Godfrey, Whatstandwell, Matlock

COLE'S CURATIVE SOAPS. SKIN, ANTI-FAT, RHEUMATISM. 1/6 per tablet. 3 for 3/6. Post Free.—F. Cole and Co., 10, Palace Street, London, S.W.1.

SUGAR DIABETES CAN BE CURED. "Vinculin" Tablets, South Africa's Famous Remedy, a God-send to sufferers. Harmless, permanent, no drugs.—Write for proof, Irghams Colonial Products Co., Carnarvon, N. Wales.

REDUCE your figure to normal healthy size. Take the Pitcan Medical Belt reducing cure. Instant relief for stomach, back and organic pains. Free illustrated particulars.—Carew, 47, Lower Belgrave Street, Victoria, S.W.

ASTHMA, Catarrh, Bronchitis, Hay Fever. Instant relief by using Dr. Wallace's "Bronk-Asthmal," obtainable from Laver, 31, Ely Place, London. Price 1/9 & 3/-.

WANTED TO PURCHASE.

ANY kind old gold, silver, jwlly., diamonds, old false teeth, platinum scrap. Highest cash prices by return.—Bell's, Upperhead Rd., Leeds.

HOUSE PURCHASE.

ABOLISH RENT. — Purchase your house through Co-op. Society, easy pyts., partics. free. —Society B., 4, London Wall Buildings, E.C.

MISCELLANEOUS.

SIXTY-FOUR PAGE BOOK about Herbs and how to use them, 2d. Send for one.—Trimnell, The Herbalist, Richmond Road, Cardiff.

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Week ending Saturday, Aug. 15, 1925. Twopence
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JOHN BULL

For the People—the Right to Justice and Truth.

The Paper on which the Sun never Sets.

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Telephone: Gerrard 9870
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The WORLD, *the* FLESH *& the* DEVIL

w Blood Wanted.

The Parliamentary session ended with a general mplaint among back-benchers of their leaders' rilessness. One cause undoubtedly is the r-big battalions on one side. The Govern-nt and its majority suffer from fatty degenera-n; the tiny Opposition Parties feel the futility fighting.

bour Leadership.

The session leaves Mr. Ramsay MacDonald's d on the Labour Party definitely weakened. is less likely than ever that he will be the xt Labour Premier.

Subsidy Secret.

The real explanation of the Government's den change of front regarding a coal subsidy, s its discovery of the hopelessly inadequate ture of the "emergency" preparations which d been left to Sir W. Mitchell-Thomson.

LG. to Blame.

Why arrangements in anticipation of a transport d-up were left to the Postmaster-General, tead of the Minister of Transport, is a mystery. e extremely unsatisfactory nature of the said rangements caused some very plain talking in Cabinet.

t for the Spoil.

The Government's bargain with the coalowners l have to be vigilantly watched. We predict t before they are through with the coal gnates the Government will have a good deal of mpathy with the miners' grim stand.

t in the Cold.

n the trade union fight for the miners two ups were simply shoved aside—the Communists dying and negligible force, anyway) and the rliamentary Labour Party. The working trade on leaders took matters in their own hands d bluntly told the Labour politicians not to t in.

Lost Leader.

J. H. Thomas is wondering where his "spiritual me" really is. The way he was "handled" his colleagues during the crisis has left him h no delusions as to what they really think him.

Warning.

Mr. Baldwin has staved off a great national strophe, but there must be no resting on rels. Anything short of complete reorganisa-n will bring back disaster. And there's danger m extremists on both sides.

Pigeon Hearts and Pigeon-holes.

Is the Government going to deal with agriculture in a big way or, as with coal, "funk it" to the last? Just as the Sankey report was neglected, so is the Linlithgow report on swollen food prices ignored.

Tackle the Land.

Organised private enterprise could raise another £250,000,000 worth of food a year in this country. But Government and Parliament must clear the way. The artificial price of land overweights at the start every small holdings scheme.

Many Ministries.

If Winston is out for economy he might consider the post-war multiplication of Ministries. The Ministries of Labour, Mines and Transport were formerly all under the Board of Trade—and were not more inefficient then than now.

We Know!

The coal subsidy has made a deficit for the financial year inevitable. But it won't be Winston who will bring in the unpopular 1926–27 Budget.

Too Long a Rope.

It seems that the new regulations on preservatives and colouring matter in food are not to come into force till the beginning of the year after next. So we are to have another sixteen months of slow poisoning.

Lest We Forget.

Again August 4 saw many pilgrimages to the Cenotaph. There's only one tribute worth while paying to the fallen. Fulfilment of what they died for—to end war.

A Duty.

A generation is coming on to whom August, 1914, means nothing. They must be told. A new age can only be built by citizens of clearer outlook. The training time is now.

Dry Rot.

Since 1913 the number of craftsmen available for building trades has declined from 439,000 to 370,000. Unskilled labour does not make prosperous nations. A fact both trade unions and Government would do well to ponder.

Oh, that League!

Again we insist that Morocco is at the present time a danger spot to the whole of Europe. It is the duty of the League of Nations to insist on an immediate settlement.

Juvenile Crime.

According to the Home Office Report, 29,624 children were dealt with in police courts last year. Practically the whole of this vast total was drawn from the poorest class of the community. Poverty breeds crime.

As We Always Said.

Despite these figures, the number of youthful delinquents is declining. So is the use of the birch. Probation on honour is found more deterrent than thrashing. It's the difference between bidding a lad look up, or, dragging him further down.

On Leash.

Money-lenders with victims by the throat will be a vanquished horror if Lord Darling's Committee has its way. But they must remember that reasonable interest mounts intolerably if demanded monthly. A fixed rate per annum must be the rule.

A Hope.

Middlesbrough ironmasters are acquiring coalfield reserves and large iron-ore deposits in Kent to develop important cross-Channel trade. It will solve the no-work problem for thousands, given industrial peace.

A Government Job.

Shortage of supplies of raw cotton to Lancashire is imminent. More cotton can be grown within the Empire. Transport needs improving. As always, there's work and workers. But prompt, businesslike action is needed.

Dog Eats Tail.

In the north 120,000 textile operatives are locked out; 60,000 more are plunged on the dole and union benefits; 30,000 continue working at old rates. The situation, unless ended, spells ruin.

Make It Impossible.

There's a revival of vitriol throwing by persons of insane temper. Again we urge restrictions on this horrible fluid. It is too easy to obtain.

Komic Kuts.

Three black-shirted young simpletons with drawn swords guarding London "headquarters" without interference points to amused contempt on the part of Scotland Yard. But in our opinion it's a direct incentive to public brawling. The police must act.

"On to the Million."

Watch JOHN BULL! We shall shortly be making a startling announcement which will affect every reader of this paper. What we have up our sleeve is something that will surpass anything ever attempted by any paper in the world.

Bathing Tragedy
"JOHN BULL" pays £250 TO WIDOW

See page 2.

The WORLD, the FLESH & the DEVIL

Honour More than Money.

At the inquest on Mrs. Harriet Mary Kelly, a rich widow of Redhill, who ended her life to escape torment by cancer, it was stated she had offered a large sum of money to her doctor to do it for her. What a stimulus to those working to discover a cure for this loathsome disease.

Honour the Dead.

Cyril Frank Moody, a nineteen-year-old sergeant-major of the Lincoln Cadet Corps, was of hero grit. Camped at Mablethorpe he rescued two of his company from drowning, then re-entered the water for a third. His spirit was stronger than his body and he sank. The survivors will reverence his memory.

Prevention, not Cure.

Lieut.-Colonel J. W. Brittlebank, of Manchester, tries to combat milk filthiness with practical remedies. He wants producers to be licensed, but only if premises are suitable, farms classified, and carriage in open cans prohibited. Such reconstruction over a term of years need entail no hardship. Why isn't it done?

Trying to Cheat Time.

"Notwithstanding all the abstemiousness and physical culture the accursed old age has arrived," wrote Evanghelos Cherissiman Raftopoulos before he died at the age of sixty-six. He tried to cheat Father Time, and was cross when he didn't. His philosophy was unsound. Hundreds of thousands of men enjoy life long after sixty-six.

Serve Them Right!

Slanderous tongues have ruined many lives, and sent some broken-hearted to the grave. Harry and Charlotte Smith, of Moor Road, Headingly, Leeds, at a cost of £50 and more, have been given the lesson they need—that a girl's good name cannot be toyed with. Their punishment ought to be a lesson to others similarly evil-tongued.

The Price of Poverty.

Pounding stone with a weight slung on a chain until it was fine enough to pass through a quarter-inch sieve has, with corn-grinding, far too long been regarded as a fitting "task" for the very poor who of necessity have to seek shelter at some institutions. Really, it is a punishment for being poor. And the Yorkshire Vagrancy Committee reveals humanity when it demands their abolition.

Just a Tramp.

As the motor-car of a shipowner rolled along the Coatham Mandeville road a man threw himself to be mangled by its wheels. A tramp—just a tramp! One of the thousands of men scouring England through for jobs—men of lost hope and of broken hearts. Men who in their misery remember how at the last election it was promised that after the polling there should be work for all.

Swapping Houses.

We are always appreciative of municipal common-sense like that displayed by Birmingham Corporation. Instead of letting poor people take on new houses, the rents of which are high, the Corporation works with all house agents and landlords so that people in old dwellings who can afford better quarters move into the more expensive municipal homes as these are built, and the poorer people move into the cheaper rented places just vacated. If all other authorities had done this a lot of trouble would have been averted.

Cause for Ire.

"I can quite understand Mr. Kirby being angry," says Lt.-Col. J. Hal Dalwood, Chief Constable of Sheffield. Mr. Walter Kirby is a London stockbroker who was clapped into prison for two months by the Sheffield police because he had the misfortune to look like a man they wanted. The Chief Constable's merry men will be more sorry than angry when public opinion makes itself evident after the enquiry. All the whitewash in the world cannot blot out such a mess of blue ignorance.

It's Pitiable.

Ellen Larkins, fined 40s. at Bow Street for drunkenness, is an aged woman of seventy with 280 previous convictions against her. Eleven years of her life have been passed in inebriate homes. But she can still get methylated spirit for her orgies. When will greater restrictions be placed upon its sale?

Horse Trough for Modern Stiggins.

Inhabitants of Ystradmynach don't intend to solve their troubles by embracing Mormonism. Missionaries from Utah found themselves surrounded by a large and hostile crowd, which finished by threatening to duck them. An excellent remedy for these dangerous pests.

A Courageous Coroner.

While Mr. George F. D. Preston, the Borough Coroner, Yarmouth, was standing on the pier at Yarmouth he saw Eva Johnson, a little visitor of eleven, fall from the breakwater into the sea. He immediately plunged to her rescue and brought her safely to shore. Constant contact with sudden death has not made him callous. To prevent the holding of a coroner's court is better than presiding over one.

Branding "Bad" Boys.

That our campaign to prevent youthful offenders being branded as criminals at a very impressionable stage of life is bearing fruit is shown by a Home Office report. The uniforms that were used by Industrial Schools have been scrapped and the name "Reformatory" does not appear on letters the children write. We wish every success to these humane efforts to give "bad" boys and girls a fresh start in life.

The Human Machine

Be Enthusiastic

by E. R. THOMPSON, M.A.

THE type of man I most dislike to meet is the colourless individual who is interested in nothing in particular, has no particular views on anything, and whose whole outlook on life is a pallid negative.

We all know people of this type—people who have no enthusiasm.

The man without enthusiasm drifts along and lets the world kick him as it will. The pathetic side of such a man is that he is precisely the sort the world does kick.

There are two sides to that old tag about "blowing your own trumpet." Blatant conceit is, of course, an unpleasant trait, but you lose nothing by having a sane idea of your own value and a sound knowledge of your own abilities.

This is a busy world, and it has no time to discover your abilities. It is very apt to take you at your own valuation.

Keep on telling the world that you are just the man it has been looking for. Keep your own enthusiasm up to pitch and you will certainly end by arousing the enthusiasm of someone else.

Think success, believe success, will success—and you are halfway on the road to it.

I am not, of course, advocating mere bluff, but I am decrying false modesty.

If you know you have ability, if you are convinced that you have value in any given direction, then set about convincing the world of it.

So long as [illegible]iasm is linked to sincerity you will w[illegible]

Folly's Limit.

William H. Beale is a mere youth of eighty whose hobby is steering a motor combination from the side-car as he is unable to bestride the cycle. When he caused a collision by being on the wrong side of the road Barnsley magistrates fined him one shilling, and suspended his licence for two years. It should be for life.

Mother "Love."

Obsessed by the thought that she wasn't wanted, Doris Higgins, of Bargoed, thrice attempted her life by drowning. In Barry Police Court her story moved women to tears. Dr. Griffiths gave his opinion that she was a notoriety seeker. Her mother refused to take her, and she was sent to a Cardiff home. It rather looks as though Doris was right in her suspicion.

Well Hit!

Frank Mott Harrison has been fined £10 and costs, and had his licence endorsed, for driving his motor at terrific speed to the public danger. Harrison is a town councillor of Hove and chairman of Northampton Higher Education Committee. We don't want law-breakers for law-makers. The magistrates were not a whit too severe.

An Object-lesson.

Ten years ago seventeen convictions and a term of five years penal servitude for highway robbery with violence determined John Lycett, of Longton, to run straight. Honesty paid. Lycett built up a builder's business and lately had a £1,000 contract. He crashed the whole edifice by a silly theft of petrol and tyres from a garage, and goes back to hard labour for twelve months.

Triangle or Tragedy?

Joseph Amphlett, a Gloucester gardener, carried poison for destroying wasps' nests in one bottle, and in another cider for refreshment. Came a day when he drank from the wrong bottle by mistake. To record verdicts of death by misadventure is useless. The law must require all poisons to be sold in a triangular container, and those who infringe it must be prosecuted.

A Bitter Loss.

The baby son of Mr. A. Foister, of Be[illegible], near Leicester, tumbled into a garden pond and was drowned. It seems that the gardener who had filled the pond on the fatal morning forgot to tell the child's nurse. The coroner blamed no one but "could not help thinking that to have a pond flush with the grass was a dreadful and dangerous thing when there was a young child about." Oh these cruel "might have beens!"

Stark Tragedy.

Long unemployed, Henry Cookson, a Rochdale miner, his wife, and their three kiddies, were so sadly circumstanced that the five had to occupy the same bed in a lodging-house. And when the youngest babe was ill they could not afford to call in a doctor, but after midnight had to carry the sick child through the streets to his surgery. It's epitaph should be: "Only the poor know how the poor live—and die."

A Sweated Trade.

Mrs. Alice Hudson, a Blackpool milliner, was fined £4 and costs by the local magistrates for week for playing ducks and drakes with the Trade Boards' Acts, and the lady had also to pay heavy arrears of wages to her sweated assistant. There has been far too much laxity in the administration of these Acts to prevent sweating, and such a smart rap over the knuckles as Mrs. Hudson received may be useful as a warning.

Prevented Working.

Mr. John Cabot, of 57, Caulfield Road, East Ham, has been engaged for the last eighteen months as a tally clerk in the King George V. Dock. He cannot continue his employment though it is offered to him, because the Port of London Registration Committee will not register him as a transport worker as he has only had three and a half years' experience as a dock worker. Yet for many years he has been a very acceptable employee to a number of shipping companies. This is a strange way to solve the unemployment question.

ritics Miss Point.
A lot of misguided indignation is aroused by the Manchester Justices fining Herbert Wells 40s. for stealing one box of matches from a painter's coat. Mr. Hewitt, manager of the Clayton Aniline Company, brought the case as an example. We agree with him. Thefts from workpeople's clothing are on the increase. They must be stopped.

ove's Persecution.
Violent passion, miscalled love, landed William Frozier, a young labourer of Forest Gate, into East Ham dock, where he was bound over and ordered to pay costs. Miss Hilda Drucker is afraid of him. He woos her with threatenings, and says he will swing for her unless she listens to his pleadings. A term of imprisonment is badly needed to cool this class of ardour.

e Confidence Trick Scandal.
Light punishments are wasted on the professional confidence trickster. James Higgins and William Roberts, of Wheeler Street, Leeds, were sent to jail last week for six months for stealing a sum of money by means of a trick. It was Roberts' forty-sixth appearance in court, and Higgins' thirtieth. Case-hardened rascals like these must be put out of the way of doing mischief.

sting Traders Trounced.
Mythical tales of enormous legacies gave Hattie Mary Foster a royal time at Eastbourne. Shopkeepers tumbled over one another to supply her with hats, shoes and smart clothes. Then the cat came out of the bag. Hattie was a fraud. Legacy tales are in the same category with Spanish prisoners. Those who believe such yarns deserve their losses.

t-headed Magistrates.
When a man of forty-six is found guilty of committing an assault upon a girl aged three years most people would think that no punishment could be too severe for him. Joseph Hardisty, a native of Aspatria, in the north of England, was found guilty of such an offence, and the soft-hearted magistrates satisfied themselves by sending him to jail for six months. He had seventy-two previous convictions. Apparently the magistrates think that he will repent his ways!

nton Usury.
Mr. Samuel Glaskie, a moneylender trading under the name of Samuels & Co., Old Bond Street, has received a sharp lesson at the hands of Mr. Justice Avory. Although good security had been deposited, this Shylock had charged a borrower interest amounting to 106 per cent. per annum on a £800 loan. After hearing evidence on both sides, the learned judge awarded Mr. Glaskie £173 instead of the £400 which he claimed. Few moneylenders need be broken if they will face the court.

Hurried Verdict.
Is two minutes long enough for a jury to deliberate upon their verdict in a case of wilful murder? This was the time taken to settle the fate of William John Cronin, convicted recently at the Old Bailey. In the Court of Criminal Appeal, the Lord Chief Justice pooh-poohed the suggestion that a verdict so hastily arrived at was unworthy of respect. We emphatically differ. It is an awful thing to send a fellow creature to the scaffold, and there were points in the defence put up by Cronin which merited far more consideration than they can have received.

Play for Seamen.
A case of harsh treatment was recently pointed out in these columns, when some British seamen, signing to be vaccinated at Vancouver, and therefore unable to enter the United States port, were sent home and mulcted in expenses. We said that the shipping company should meet the loss which they should have foreseen, not the seamen. A case has just been tried at Liverpool where our view was upheld by the magistrate and the shipping company, T. & J. Harris & Co., had to pay the wages claim of seamen they put ashore in similar circumstances. The rule should be that those who make the profits should pay the losses.

Insurance Advertising.
Somebody is sending out a printed card with an indelicate verse published on the back of it. It purports to come from Evan's Domestic Stores, 265, Wandsworth Bridge Road, Fulham, S.W.6. If it is not genuine, the firm should repudiate it at once. If it is, it should have some other laureate to do its poetical propaganda.

Still "Writing."
Messrs. Hannaford MacIntosh, Ltd., a firm we recently exposed for carrying on the business of literary experts at 11, Great Turnstile, W.C. 2, offer to "write up" firms in a paper they run and suddenly pounce upon their clients for exorbitant sums of money for blocks with which to illustrate the "puff" articles. This enterprising firm are no longer at 11, Great Turnstile, W.C. 2, and are now operating from 21, Grosvenor Mansions, 82, Victoria Street, S.W. 1.

Good Riddance.
Following our recent exposure, Chesterfield Guardians criticised the wholesale vaccination of the inmates of their workhouse, as the sequel to the discovery of a case of smallpox, the medical officer, Dr. F. Edmunds, and his assistant, Dr. C. O'Brien, handed in their resignations. They brooked no interference from laymen, and apparently denied the Guardians the right to be masters in their own house. "Resignations accepted" is the Guardians quite correct reply.

A Bogus Nobleman.
People who value their money and personal belongings should be on their guard against a "posh" sneak-thief who has been living by his wits, in many countries, for a long time. He is posing as "Lord Charles Conyngham," and has recently had a good time in America, where he has been revealed as a first-class impostor. The British Consul has issued a warning against him, and there is more than a possibility that he will shortly arrive in England to carry on his games.

Blackburn's Latest Dodge.
Ladies are being advertised for to help in the work of flag day collections, the applicants being required to write to Station Road, Finsbury Park, N. We find that Clara Jacobs replies to say that if the applicant calls at 28, Bessborough Gardens, Vauxhall Bridge, terms will be discussed. This is the address of the notorious Westminster Charities Committee, which is run by a jail-bird named Walter Blackburn. We have denounced it repeatedly, and it has been the subject of an official warning by Scotland Yard.

Indecent Literature.
We recently exposed a journal called *Jazz*, which is one of the filthiest papers we have ever seen, crammed with disgusting and indescribable stories, and printed in English. Since then the Home Secretary has banned a publication called the *Pravda*, one of the greatest newspapers in Russia, which he has rightly prohibited from coming into this country at all, alleging its contents to be vile, blasphemous and bestial. We hope he will do the same thing in regard to the filthy rag, *Jazz*, a copy of which he can obtain from our "black dossier," if he so desires.

"A Golden Opportunity."
Readers are cautioned to be on their guard against a concern calling itself The Household Necessity Supply Co., of 12, Carthusian Street, Aldersgate Street, London. This up-to-date firm wrote to Mr. B. Day of North Hill, Fareham, informing him that he had been "chosen at random" as one of the public to have "a golden opportunity" put before him. They asked him to send them 2s. 9d. for an article which was in the nature of a household necessity and the name of which they were bound in honour not to divulge, as the offer was being made as the result of a wager. Fortunately, Mr. Day did not take the bait but we wonder how many "random" victims did succumb?

Problems of Life

The Essence of Joy

by the Rev. R. J. CAMPBELL, D.D.

ALEXANDER DUMAS says, in one of his greatest novels, that happiness makes even the wicked good.

Like most generalisations, this statement admits of wide exceptions, as is well illustrated in the very book in which it appears.

The Rev. R. J. Campbell

It is a profitable exercise to watch the effect of happiness on different natures.

Some people are undoubtedly made better by it, but others appear to be made worse.

A hard man is occasionally softened by love, like George Eliot's "Silas Marner." To be valued and cared for is almost certain to awaken and call forth the best that is hidden in the heart of any ordinary human being, and now and then it works moral revolutions.

I remember the grateful frankness with which a person I used to know was accustomed to testify to what he owed to his wife.

He never ceased to marvel at what he called the miracle of her affection for him: it made him humbler, kinder, more generous in his dealings with other people, and as he grew older he grew finer in character.

BUT good influence does not always work this way, though, as Edmund Burke says, example is the only school at which men will learn.

One of the strangest and most perplexing things in our common experience is the way in which a base nature can consort with a noble one without acquiring the least trace of the spirit of the latter. Selfishness will exploit unselfishness, ingratitude batten upon generosity, harshness and cruelty be the reward of tender devotion and unfailing service.

Is it true that the persons with whom things have invariably gone well in life, who have little to think of but enjoy themselves, and who have never had to know what it is to fear the morrow, are generally gentler and sweeter than others? No, indeed.

So far as I have been able to observe, such people are seldom humble; and humility is the root of all the virtues.

NOR, on the other hand, does it follow that people are made good by the chastening fires of affliction or by the discipline of struggle and failure.

The opposite is quite as likely. The bitter line round the mouth, or the sneer that so often disfigures the countenance of the unfortunate, might disappear in the atmosphere of joy and the attainment of heart's desire.

It all depends on the man. The ultimate factor that determines our reactions to every spiritual stimulus is our own will. All comes back to that.

What we are is not decided by what life does with us, but by what we do with life.

A RAMPER IN A RED JERSEY

RELIGIOUS HUMBUG'S SHARP PRACTICE

"Paul of the Paragon"

SCARCELY a day passes that does not bring us its shoal of letters from people who have in one way or another been imposed upon by the house-finding fraternity.

With the object of doing all possible to expose the methods of these firms we direct attention to the activities of the Paragon Insurance Co., Ltd., of 5, Featherstone Buildings, High Holborn, W.C.1.

One of the leading lights of this company is the enterprising Alexander Paul, a gentleman who manages to combine the business of London Manager for the Paragon Company with that of membership of the Salvation Army.

His connection with General Booth's organisation (which, of course, would not for one moment lend countenance to his methods of business), it will be readily understood, affords him ample opportunity to meet possible clients, and some of his business is transacted as the result of acquaintanceships formed at religious meetings.

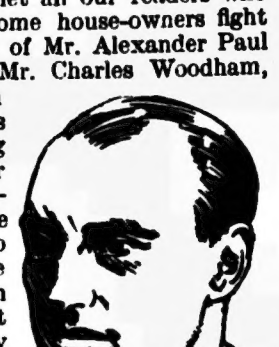
Strange methods

"Paul of the Paragon" has several times received public castigation at the hands of JOHN BULL, but he is still managing for the Holborn concern, and doing it to such effect that another bundle of complaints from disillusioned policy holders has reached this office.

For sheer pathos and as an example of Alexander Paul's tactics it would be hard to beat the story of an honest ex-Service man—one of the "Old Contemptibles"—who gave all his savings to the Holborn fraternity and got a house built on the strength of their cruel promises, because his wife was about to become a mother.

But when the eagerly awaited house was ready he and his sick wife found themselves in lodgings under notice to quit, and the builder pressing for the money which the Paragon Society had failed to advance him. What was the unfortunate man to do?

Therefore, let all our readers who desire to become house-owners fight shy not only of Mr. Alexander Paul but also of Mr. Charles Woodham, the Paragon Society's Managing Director whose acquaintance we have also made before in connection with that extraordinary concern, the Utility Insurance Co., Ltd., Leeds, about which we have from time to time received many complaints, and of its various agents, some of whose letters to policy-holders are almost, if not quite, as interesting and amusing as those of Alexander Paul.



Sir F. Sandiffe-Lister, President of the Board of Trade, who should amend the Company Laws

How things are worked

The following quotation from the letter of an estate agent to a lady who had been beguiled by Paul and his friends speaks for itself. For obvious reasons we suppress names.

"Mrs. ——, wife of the owner of No. 75, —— Road, brought us a letter from some Society with which you are connected, saying they were willing to lend you £500 on mortgage and asking Mr. ——, the vendor, to allow the remaining £250 to remain on second charge. We never heard of such a suggestion as this in all our lives. It is almost an insult to one's intelligence."

The principal inducement of the Paragon people is the old familiar "*No Capital Needed*," and the attention of home-seekers is usually attracted by means of a glowing advertisement which promises the most generous terms.

But when the unfortunate client has paid some premiums and various fees—in several cases up to £60—he discovers that the Paragon crowd offers to the vendor of the desired property the second mortgage, which of course will not be looked at.

The victim is then faced with the alternative of finding considerably more money or losing his house as well as his hard-earned cash.

Alexander in his uniform

Visitors to Alexander Paul's office have too frequently been deceived by this elderly gentleman's benevolent manner. The spectacle of a house-finding expert clad in the uniform of the Salvation Army has frequently produced the desired impression, trusting clients being extremely impressed by such an innocent-looking soul.

The whole business of taking people's money on the assurance that they will get houses—without any adequate guarantee that the houses will ever be theirs—must be officially investigated. It is clear that where money is taken a specific promise must be given in respect of it.

Until that is made compulsory the way is open to the too-clever-by-half brigade to get very good salaries for themselves without any practical consideration for the people who provide that money. No words can be too harsh for the methods adopted by the Paragon, which are also favoured by scores of inefficient building societies throughout the country.

Bare-faced Insurance Fraud

More Collecting than Assurance

OUR outspoken exposure of the way in which working people are swindled under the guise of insurance has caused a sensation throughout the country. We propose this week to throw some more light on this matter and to give a concrete example of the scandalous evils which we are determined if possible to bring to an end.

The City Mutual Assurance Collecting Society was registered early in 1921. It was started by Mr. J. E. H. Henderson, the secretary, who had been associated with another collecting society which went into liquidation. Seeing his job coming to an end he determined to start another concern which would provide for him.

Motor-cars for nowt

He got a number of people together who knew nothing about insurance. To one of these people he owed money, so the creditor joined the new society in order to keep in touch with Mr. Henderson. Others he induced to join by the statement that they "would all be riding about in motor cars" shortly at the expense of the society.

In the first year of its work the City Mutual collected £263. Out of this it spent on benefits £2 18s. 6d., and it spent £235 on management expenses, including over £100 in salaries and commission.

The one-man staff

Henderson admitted that he got the whole amount set down as salaries to secretary, clerks and servants. He also got possibly half the sum shown as commission to collectors.

In the next year Henderson drew everything that the society paid in salaries and two-thirds of what it paid in commission to agents and collectors. In other words, out of every pound the society collected 14s. was spent on management expenses, most of which went into Henderson's pocket.

There was, however, still a matter of £200 in the benefit fund, and it had to be placed there under the Insurance Societies' Act. Henderson determined to get this too.

He had taken out three policies himself, and paid in on them £40 by way of premiums. He then proceeded to borrow from the society, and on the security of these policies, the sum of £150. That left about £50 in the society to meet the claims of nearly 200 members, as and when they should arise.

A bare bone

And even this £50 was not there. It was in the private banking account of the treasurer, a Mr. S. E. Bone. When the auditor examined the accounts Mr. Bone owed the society nearly £40. All that he had to his credit at his bank was the sum of two or three pounds.

One can only say of a society of this kind that it was a naked and scandalous fraud.

Hooking a Pike

A Fishy Customer

UNSUSPECTING business people are warned to be on their guard against a gentleman who bears the distinctly fishy name of G. A. Pike, and whose doings have on more than one occasion been brought to our notice.

It appears that some time ago he called at the London offices of a well-known publishing house and handed in an advertisement for insertion in one of the firm's many publications. The advertisement was for the sale of a residence in Tunbridge Wells, and its cost was £18 odd.

The gentle grafter

Repeated applications for payment of this sum met with no response, and when the firm placed the matter in the hands of their collecting agents the latter received a call from a Mr. J. Gourlay, who declared that Pike was seriously ill with pneumonia. "If your account is not settled in the course of a month," this generous creature added, "I shall settle it myself."

When Mr. Pike gave out this advertisement his address was given as 135, Barcombe Avenue, Streatham, S.W. The paper was requested to address communications c/o J. Sly, Ltd., Abbey House, Victoria Street, S.W., but it could obtain no response to applications for payment.

His friend, Mr. Gourlay, stated later that Mr. Pike's address was c/o Kemp Edwards and Co., 2 Victoria Street, S.W.1.

In spite of this multiplicity of addresses it was not found possible to get Mr. Pike to pay the debt he had so deliberately incurred. The incident will give a pretty good idea of the kind of man he is.

But, alas! Mr. Gourlay proved as slippery as his friend, and it looks as though this eminent firm must be written down amongst the many victims of this clever sharper.

One of Pike's most heartless swindles was that perpetrated in the case of a lady, a war widow, who, in common with thousands of her sisters similarly placed, finds great difficulty in making ends meet.

Taking the widow's mite

Pike agreed to rent a furnished flat from this lady, and made his first payment by a cheque which was dishonoured.

Further cheques tendered to her by him also proved worthless, and then to her amazement she discovered that a local doctor had been similarly defrauded by her scheming tenant.

Eventually Pike departed, owing the lady something like £8, which she has made repeated but unsuccessful attempts to recover.

It seems strange that a scoundrel of this sort should be able to carry through his deep-laid schemes with such obvious success, but there are distinct signs that Mr. Pike's career is about to close and that this nimble fish will shortly be hooked at last.

AMAZING MURDER MYSTERY

WE INDICATE THE GUILTY MAN

Foul Gang of White Slavers

WORKING with barefaced brazenry in this country is a gang of aliens who are at the head of the white-slave traffic, and whose hands are stained with the blood of a murdered man and the souls of tortured girls. Not only have they snared innocent girls to ruin, but we are able to state that among their number is the murderer of Martial Lechevalier, the young Frenchman who was stabbed to death in Piccadilly before the eyes of London's startled theatre crowds a few months ago.

We know the identity of the murderer; our information is at the disposal of the police, and further to assist them we will expose the workings of the gang, for these form a chain of crime linking the death of the unfortunate Lechevalier with the "bogus marriage" scheme operated by the gang.

The murdered man was a prominent member of a nest of white-slavers engaged in importing into this country French girls and prostitutes of France, and in exporting to the Continent and the Argentine girls from this country. At the head of the gang is a criminal, notorious to the police of two continents as "The Jockey."

Shielding the criminal

Lechevalier had been one of "The Jockey's" lieutenants for some considerable time, and the tragic crime in a back street of Piccadilly was the sequel to a quarrel among the gang over the spoils. On that night Lechevalier was in the company of at least one woman and three men who were associated with "The Jockey."

Two of the men decamped, but the woman, a French prostitute named Yvonne Harper, and the other man, a French undesirable named Alfredo Sauvaget, were requisitioned by the police as witnesses at the inquest. Their evidence on that occasion was most unsatisfactory; by attempting to shield the murderer they baulked the police in their investigations, and the coroner in his inquest so much that the latter very caustically denounced them for lying.

Purchasing nationality

The murder was the inevitable result of the lawless, police-defying operations of this gang of white-slave traffickers. We strongly urge the police to continue the excellent work they are doing, under the able supervision of Detective Sergeant Campion, in rounding up undesirable aliens. In so doing they will secure the arrest of the murderer whose identity we know and it is known to most of the members of the gang.

The gang is under the domination of "The Jockey," with whom the murdered Lechevalier was intimately associated in living on the immoral earnings of the imported women and securing their exemption from deportation. This they achieved by paying dissolute Englishmen to marry the French women at registry offices, thus giving them British nationality. After the ceremony the men and women part.

It was in working along these lines that an associate of Yvonne Harper—the woman with Lechevalier on the fatal night—fell into the hands of the police. This man, a scoundrel by the name of John Stusser, went through the marriage ceremony with an undesirable French woman named Suzanne Boulet, in the usual attempt to give her British nationality necessary to make her exempt from deportation.

London's white slave agency

Stusser was paid £10 by "The Jockey," of whose gang he was a prominent member, for "marrying" Suzanne, and all would have gone well had not Suzanne been convicted for soliciting. She was also summoned in the name of Stusser for failing to comply with the alien regulations.

When she was convicted and ordered to be deported "The Jockey" immediately forced the unwilling Stusser to come forward as her lawful husband and so prove that she was a British subject. This he did and the deportation order was rescinded in precisely the same way, and for the same reasons, as has been done in scores of similar cases that come within the scope of "The Jockey's" operations.

Unfortunately for him, in claiming Suzanne as his "wife," Stusser came right into the hands of the outraged law, was found guilty of bigamously marrying Suzanne, and is now in jail for that offence.

Prostituting a profession

With the murdered Lechevalier, the convicted Stusser had become one of the leading lights in "The Jockey's" gang, and his record as a white slaver is of the blackest. He used to carry on business in Shaftesbury Avenue as an estate agent, but this was used mainly as the medium for obtaining passports to enable foreign women of loose morals to enter this country.

Previously in South Africa, under his real name of Stewart, he practised as a solicitor to the Supreme Court. In his capacity as a South African solicitor, he gave women who desired to leave this country recommendations addressed to the passport officers. The women in question were, in most cases, victims of the horrible traffic in souls in which the man was really engaged.

While acting thus he became one of "The Jockey's" chief agents, and in this connection "married" Suzanne Boulet, who is notorious for her association with this evil gang of white slavers.

This gang has had one of its centres of vice raided during the past few days subsequent to our recent articles.

Raiding a plague-spot

A squad of police officers from Scotland Yard, in a car under the effective direction of Detective Sergeant Campion, raided a riverside bungalow and found there several French men and women. Three of the men were arrested; their passports were found to be forgeries and they have accordingly been recommended for deportation.

Martial Lechevalier

These three Frenchmen are also members of "The Jockey's Gang" and have been engaged in white slave traffic and the bogus marriage trade for some considerable time. This trade, by the way, is neither new to us nor to the police; in fact it is now some months since we first took the matter up with Scotland Yard.

Pitfalls in Paris

Nor is the East Molesey raid the only case in which the police have successfully acted. Some months ago we were instrumental in bringing about another *coup*.

On March 23 last we wrote to Sir William Horwood, the Police Commissioner, giving information regarding a man called Rene, then living at Store Street, Tottenham Court Road. We informed the Commissioner that this man, while in France in connection with the white slave traffic, living in a flat in Rue de Bruxelles, Place Blanche, approached a British girl with a proposal for engaging in the trans-Channel white slave traffic. This proposal involved 'The Jockey's" marriage scheme, and since his arrival in this country Rene has been engaged in the business of importing French prostitutes into England by arranging bogus marriages for "The Jockey."

The sequel is interesting. In the early hours of last Sunday week Detective-Sergeant Campion entered Jean's Cafe in Dean Street, Soho, and went through the papers of several undesirable aliens there. One of them was Cesar Fabbri, who gave his address as Arthur Street, Holborn, and produced a French passport in the name of Yard.

Fabbri as a member of "The Jockey" gang was doing what all the other French rascals to whom we have referred are doing: smuggling dissolute Frenchwomen into this country and procuring English girls for the dens of vice in continental cities.

Like most of the other members of the gang, Fabbri had an illuminating record. He was sentenced in Paris to eight months' imprisonment for gambling and expelled from France. He proceeded to Belgium, where he prosecuted his nefarious traffic until the Belgian police arrested him, and banished him from that country also.

The heart of the gang

He immediately sought and found refuge—with the aid of a forged passport—in this country.

Last week he was sent to jail from Marlborough Street for five months and recommended for deportation.

We now proceed to expose Fabbri still further: *He is no other than Rene, about whose activities we wrote to Scotland Yard last March!*

There are still scores of rogues like Rene here, but the scoundrels will never be put down until "The Jockey," about whom the police have been collecting evidence for months, and who is frequently to be seen in the West End of London, is brought to book.

This man and his gang are at the hub of the white slave universe. The whole nest must be exterminated and the murderer of Martial Lechevalier arrested. The police can kill two birds with one stone, for if they round up all the members of the notorious "Jockey" gang, they will find in the number the man whose hand is stained with the blood of the dead Lechevalier.

Lechevalier was the pivot around which the more recent plottings and plannings revolve. His tragic death is the hideous high-light of the gang's operations, and it is only in solving the problem of the gang that the police will solve the problem of the murder.

Clean up the city!

It is amazing and disquieting to know that such a foul nest of black birds exist in the heart of the empire's capital. Worse still, it is scandalous that a murderer should be at large in this unabashed manner.

If the police get him they will earn the respect of every law-abiding Englishman for having at the same time brought to an end one of the most sinister gangs of white slave traffickers that have ever operated in this country.

DOES THE DUCHESS KNOW?

FAMOUS NAMES IN QUEER COMPANY

Finding the Lost Chord

THE League of British Artists is a concern about which more ought to be heard. Its object is certainly a very desirable one. It is to assist young British artistes and newcomers to the London concert platform who may not find it convenient to be responsible for the expense of recitals and other forms of advertisement which their art requires them to bring before the public.

Apparently the way this object is reached is by charging an annual subscription of £1 11s. 6d. to new members who are approved. Then concerts are given at the more prominent West End concert halls at which members may show the nature of their qualifications.

Coroneted concerteers

Such a scheme might possibly commend itself on its merits alone, but the League of British Artistes can put forward greater claims, such as a fashionable address at 4, Fitzroy Square, London, W.1, and an imposing list of patrons.

Among the latter, according to the circular of the League, are the Duchess of Rutland; the Marchioness Townshend; Sybil, Marchioness of Queensberry; Lord Sackville; Sir John Martin Harvey; Lady Lee Warner; Lady Muriel Watkins and Lady Edith Fox-Pitt. These are noble names and must command a certain amount of reverence.

We now proceed to add to these, names that are famous in the histrionic world. It is claimed that the League of British Artistes also enjoys the patronage of Miss Ellen Terry; Miss Sybil Thorndike; Mrs. Carl Rosa; Miss Julia Neilson; Fred Terry, Esq.; Miss Dora Gibson and Dame Nellie Melba.

After this perhaps we might give some of the officials. The Chairman and Director is J. Hedley Drummond; the Secretary, Alan MacNicol, and the Hon. Secretary, Miss Eileen Cremin, while the official organist is given as Spencer Shaw, L.R.A.M., A.R.C.O.

So equipped one would suppose the Society would proceed from triumph to triumph. One of its objects is to advise and assist members in all matters relative to their professional career, and members inexperienced in the same are strongly urged to avail themselves of the advice of the League.

On behalf of an inexperienced member who is in some doubt about a professional matter, we should like the benefit of the League's advice. The lady on behalf of whom we speak paid £1 11s. 6d. to the League of British Artistes and received a receipt therefor signed by J. H. Drummond.

She was told after passing an audition that she would be engaged for two concerts, for which she was to receive a fee.

A flat movement

She appeared at two concerts, one at Mortimer Hall, and one at Leighton House, in March and April last. She has not received any fee, and perhaps she was mistaken in her notion that she was to be paid. Being in this doubt, however, she was certainly entitled to consult the League.

The trouble is she cannot find it, and we are sorry to say that we cannot help her very much in the matter. We did indeed have an enquiry made for Mr. Drummond at 4, Fitzroy Square. All we could learn there was that Mr. Drummond and his wife had a flat there some time ago, but left two months since.

They had gone, it was stated, to 21, St. John's Lane, London, E.C.

In the base clef

Our representative then went to Mortimer Hall and saw the Secretary, a Miss Phillips. She explained that the hall had been hired in March last for the purpose of a concert by Mr. Drummond and his wife.

The hire was four guineas, and up to date it had not been paid, which indicates what we may call a lack of promptness on the part of the League of British Artistes.

Our representative then called at Leighton House, but could get no information there, so he proceeded to 21a, St. John's Lane, E.C., where he found that Drummond and his wife were living in a flat over a coffee-shop.

There is no mention of the League of British Artistes at this address, so one may perhaps assume that it was left behind when Mr. and Mrs. Drummond departed from Fitzroy Square.

Something of the same kind of thing appears to have happened to the Sunday Evening Salon, which was established at 4, Fitzroy Square and run by R. A. Drummond. Its object was to run a place where people could forgather, exchange thoughts, and "listen to the thoughts of those who had made a mark in the world of music, art, literature, drama, science, or elsewhere."

But we should like to ask the Duchesses and the ladies of title, the great actors and actresses, if they can tell us what has become of their League, if they know anything of how it is run, and if not why not.

Forgotten in Prison

Bound by Red Tape

COUNTRY visitors who come to London are usually taken to see, among other sights, the Tower of London. There they gaze with awe on the cell in which Sir Walter Raleigh, that gallant soldier of the Empire, ate out his heart and wore away his life.

They go away and say, "Thank God those evil days are over, and nothing like that could happen in these days of enlightenment and humanity."

A modern Drake

They are wrong. There is at the present moment a gallant soldier of Empire who is languishing in Brixton jail and who, according to all appearances, may languish there for the rest of his life.

He is Captain Cecil Attfield. He fought for us in the Boer War and in the Great War, in which he was mentioned in dispatches and promoted to commission rank. He was connected with Captain Firmin in a gun-running expedition, that is to say, in trading machine guns to another country, an offence against the Customs Act. Lord Darling said of Captain Firmin that he had done what Drake would have done, but apparently nobody said anything for Captain Attfield. The law punished with a fine of £100.

But then the commissioners of Customs came along, and seized the machine gun parts which, it should at once be said, were not destined for an "enemy" country, and demanded a fine of three times their value, or the trifling sum of £26,000.

1,000 years in jail

Captain Attfield had not got it. So he went to Brixton jail and is there still. He earns there about 4s. a month, and it would take him some thousands of years to pay up.

A gentleman adventurer like Raleigh and Drake, he has to pick oakum and sew mail bags and reconcile himself to the fact that the world has forgotten him.

Sentenced for life

Why? Because his is an unusual case. We have made an enquiry of the officials at the Custom House and they say that when a man smuggles goods into this country the usual procedure is confiscation of the goods, a fine, or failing payment, imprisonment for a short stated time.

But smuggling goods out of the country is a rare offence, and the precedents are correspondingly rare. Captain Attfield is the victim of this rarity, and he may go on till he dies.

Captain Attfield ought to be released at once. Is he to be choked by red tape.

Mac the Mugwumper

Tricking a Newspaper

A VERY bad specimen of the impudent trickster is a man called who calls himself N. H. Macdonald, who has robbed a reader of JOHN BULL of the sum of £5, which represented practically all this poor fellow's savings.

Macdonald inserted an advertisement in the *Daily Telegraph* for a reliable energetic gentleman to travel with a commission agent. He was to get a salary of £8 a week, plus expenses and proportion of profits with a small interest. Applicants were requested to write to W. A. L., 5r, Vera Road, Munster Road, Fulham, London, S.W.6.

Our reader replied to the advertisement, and was invited to call and see Mr. Macdonald at the Bedford Hotel, Southampton Row, London, where Mr. Macdonald explained that the small interest meant that the reader was to invest £50, which, unfortunately, he did.

On the run

As soon as Macdonald got the money he gave a receipt for it on Hotel notepaper, and then went away. From that time his dupe has not laid eyes on him. He has had from him a number of telegrams and letters, but none of them give a specific address.

One letter came from a hotel in Nottingham. Our reader at once wrote to this hotel, and asked for the private address of Mr. Macdonald. He was told that it was Trentholme, Misterton, Doncaster. A telegram to that address was returned with the statement that the addressee had gone away.

The victim wrote to the police at Burton-on-Trent whither Macdonald had been traced. The police replied that Macdonald was not known there.

In the meantime, the police at Misterton, Doncaster, had been communicated with, and they replied that Macdonald had left Trentholme some months before, and had not been seen or heard of since, though a good many enquiries had been made for him by people who wanted him for similar reasons.

When police fall out

It is curious that the police at Gray's Inn Road, London, to whom the matter has been reported, suggest that this is not a sufficiently serious case to take up. On the other hand, the Misterton police state that in their opinion it is a case of obtaining money by false pretences. Where the authorities differ the public suffer.

Apart from that we think that newspapers which insert advertisements ought at least to know the names and addresses of their advertisers. We think that W. A. L., 5r, Vera Road, Munster Road, Fulham, S.W., might be asked if he gave authority for the use of his address and if so, to whom.

Deport the Dopers!

Coal-camouflaged Cocaine

SEVERAL Chinese have come into the hands of the police recently, but the fact that some of them ave been sent to jail will not seriously ster their evil fellow-workers in rime. What the Home Secretary hould do in every prosecution where foreigner is convicted is to order stant deportation.

A pretty rascal is Sze Ah Dong, of imehouse. He was a fireman on e s.s. *Glenshana*, which came into e King George V. Dock a few days o laden with cargo from the East.

The usual search of the ship was ade by the Customs Officers, who und a large quantity of raw opium ncealed under some coal in one of e bunkers. Dong was arrested, d convicted of importing drugs, d sent to jail for six months.

Then there are the Chinese gamb-g-house keepers, who carry on in mehouse, Cardiff and Liverpool, in mplete defiance of the law. When ught, these rascals are mostly fined. is is a ridiculous practice—they can ily pay small fines from their ormous profits.

Wing Wong was recently charged Liverpool for keeping a gambling n at 16, Pitt Street—a notorious inese quarter. Quan Soo, Chang ong, Wong Kam and Quong Low isted Wong in the management. Why were they not deported? Will y be? They decidedly should for this is what they fear most.

The Lost Lassie

WE desire to express our sincere thanks to the many readers who have responded our appeal for their help to find missing girl, Muriel Sutherd, who lived with her devoted ents at 4, Fernie Street, Maryhill, sgow.

The parents have written to press their gratitude for the quest t has been undertaken, and we st that out of the clues that have n given, and which we are carey following up, we may ultimately ieve success and restore this lost ld to the home she has left desolate.

Some of the clues that we are owing start direct from Glasgow, trace a girl who strongly resemMuriel to Berwick-on-Tweed, then on through Durham to rk, and from there it is presumed t she went to London, where a girl swering her description was seen in West End.

We are trying to trace her in ndon, where the last account of her that she was seen selling pinhions in the street.

Perhaps some of our readers who y be offered pincushions by Muriel l be good enough to ask her if she he girl we are looking for on her ents' behalf, and if she admits t she is they would confer a favour us by letting us know at once.

A WORN OUT CADI

MR. MEAD MUST RESIGN!

Mottled Justice at Marlborough Street

HOW long is Mr. Mead, the Marlborough Street magistrate, to be allowed to retain his seat upon the Bench? We say deliberately that his continuance in office is the gravest scandal in the administration of British justice to-day.

He occupies one of the most prominent positions in the magistracy, for Marlborough Street is the scene of some of the more important issues that come before our Courts. It is ridiculous that it should be presided over by an old gentleman, within a few months of eighty years of age, who has borne the heat and burden of the day for over a generation and who is now long past his work.

It is not pleasant to have to use such words about an important public official. But even if his judgments were sound—and they are notoriously unsound—common decency ought to suggest to him that he has earned his retirement and that he should make way for a younger man.

An inventory of inconsistencies

Ordinary civil servants are pensioned at sixty-five. Why should this servant of the Crown be allowed to continue to believe that he is indispensable and struggle on at his heavy and laborious task until he is in the eighties?

Lord Oxford the other day, speaking as an ex-Home Secretary, declared that the chief need of the day was the securing of a common standard in passing sentences. What would he say if he were to review the long list of amazing bungles, glaring inconsistencies and crass ineptitudes that form the record of the astonishing and immovable Mr. Mead?

Let us give from two recent cases an example of what we mean. The other day he had before him a young girl, Iris Setterfield, a typist, of Netherfield Road, Clapham, who stole a hat from Bourne & Hollingsworth's. She explained that she was an only child and that the next day would be her twenty-first birthday.

Mr. Mead let her off with a fine of £3.

Disgraced in the home town

On the same day he had before him a middle-aged woman, Marian Gray, of Middlesbrough, who had stolen £6 worth of goods from Selfridge's. She had never done anything wrong before, and had an unblemished record of nearly forty years in her home town, but had yielded to a sudden temptation.

Mr. Mead sent her to jail for three weeks.

After her sentence she has to go back to her husband and family a ruined woman, disgraced in her local circle. What possible justification could Mr. Mead have for this savage differentiation of treatment?

This is no new thing. For years we have demanded that this old gentleman, if he will not give up his post, should be compulsorily retired. Now we have the authority of an ex-Home Secretary that irregularity in sentencing is a matter which must properly be considered by the Home Office. Can it come to any other decision than that which we now urge upon it?

Mr. Mead

Nearly twenty years ago the incorrigible Mr. Mead began on his mottled career as a bungling cadi. A young girl then was charged with obtaining food to the value of 1s. 2d. from an Oxford Street caterer, or, in Mr. Mead's own words, she "stole a ticket worth a farthing."

He sent her to jail for two months.

This was a brutal, unjust, scandalous and intolerable sentence. Why did he not deal with her under the First Offenders' Act? Parliament passed this Act for just such cases. Why should Mr. Mead flout the obvious intentions of Parliament and be allowed for all these years to continue to do so?

Appeal Court's rebuke

In another case this extraordinary administrator of justice fined a man named Harris on a trumpery Hyde Park charge. Harris was subsequently acquitted at the sessions.

Mr. Mead would have done well to follow the example of another Metropolitan magistrate, Mr. Ratcliffe Cousins, who declined to commit unless the woman alleged to be aggrieved comes forward. But the septuagenarian of Marlborough Street is a law unto himself.

Some time after that Mr. Mead achieved fame by sending a man to jail for asking a gentleman to give him a penny for a night's lodging.

The gentleman did not come forward. There was no evidence but that of a plain clothes policeman, and the man denied the charge and proved that he had 6s. in silver and some coppers in his pocket.

Mr. Mead sent him to jail for ten days.

The poor man was a pedlar, and by Mr. Mead's kindly action his licence was forfeited, and when he came out he was helpless, unable to find work or to pursue his trade.

More recently still Mr. Mead sentenced Robert Forbes, an attendant at His Majesty's Theatre, to two months' as a roving vagabond. He appealed and the sentence was quashed, the Court observing that the charge ought never to have been brought, and had the magistrate heard the evidence for the defence he would never have convicted!

Later Mr. Mead distinguished himself when he had before him a foolish street hawker named David Follis, who thought he could earn an honest penny by selling a pamphlet entitled, "My Good Deeds and Achievements." When bought it was found that all the pages were blank.

Mr. Mead sent him to jail for six weeks with hard labour.

The man's offence was a joke in bad taste; Mr. Mead's action was no joke at all, but certainly in no better taste. The Home Secretary released the poor fellow, a rebuke that would have been sufficient for anybody but Mr. Mead.

Law for rich: law for poor

We had also to protest against Mr. Mead's eccentricity in dealing with certain gay Lotharios who used to spend their time ogling and insulting women shoppers. One of these well-dressed cads was brought before him at Marlborough Street, and to everybody's astonishment he treated it as a trifling indiscretion and dealt with it accordingly.

We have told how savagely this obsolescent old gentleman dealt with a Middlesbrough workman's wife. Heaven knows what this poor woman has since suffered in the eyes of her children, her husband and her neighbours, before whom she stands a thief and a jailbird after a lifetime of honest work.

How differently he dealt with a Mrs. Miller, charged with stealing a hat worth thirty shillings. The lady admitted that she had the hat on her head when stopped. She had it there unwillingly, she naively said—and old Mr. Mead had no difficulty in believing it.

He did not send her to jail, but discharged her.

In fairness to Mr. Mead it should be added that the lady was the wife of a company director with some fifteen hundred a year.

That is typical Meadism—fostering the damnable and dangerous theory that there is one law for the poor and another for the rich.

Magistrate and menace

We could give hundreds of equal inconsistencies. They will not convince Mr. Mead of his incompetence—nothing will do that evidently—but we say again that his absurdities in handling justice have deprived him of public confidence and shaken public belief in police court administration. The Home Secretary must be forced to understand that the longer this old gentleman outstays his welcome the more menacing to the public does the administration of Marlborough Street become.

Mr. Mead must go—and at once.

Candid Communications

Outspoken Messages to Celebrities, Notorieties and, occasionally, Nonentities

To LORD DECIES,
Director, Income Taxpayers' Society.

MY LORD,—I am afraid you are crying for the moon when you demand that in regard to taxation M.P.s should take up a position "independent of politics;" but I am quite sure you have hit upon the right recipe for the cure of our financial ills. The advice you offer is that the Chancellor of the Exchequer should estimate the utmost the country can afford to spend, and then allocate to each Department its definite allowance with strict orders to keep within the limit. This is a method that would be adopted by any commercial undertaking which desires to avoid the Bankruptcy Court.

JOHN BULL.

To the Hon. Mr. Justice SHEARMAN,
King's Bench Division

MY LORD,—I sympathise entirely with the horror you must have felt when a youth of twenty-one was found guilty in respect of a long series of unnatural offences. At the same time, I am not at all sure that justice was done by sending this wretched lad into the hell of penal servitude for seven long years. In my view, such cases point to a diseased condition of mind, calling for medical treatment. You excused the severity of the sentence on the ground that for such depraved natures it was "the only cure." There is not a mental specialist in Harley Street who would agree with you.

JOHN BULL.

To H.M. PRISON COMMISSIONERS,
Home Office

GENTLEMEN,—Are you aware that parties arriving by charabanc from Torquay to look round Princetown are taken off the route and through the prison grounds with express purpose to see the convicts at work? It is bitterly resented, and rightly, by the men. To expose those under punishment for misdeeds to the gaping curiosity of sightseers is degrading and un-British. I feel sure I have only to draw your attention to the abuse and you will see it stopped at once.

JOHN BULL.

To the Rt. Revd. C. F. GARBETT,
Bishop of Southwark

MY LORD,—You are disturbed at the slow progress made in attacking the terrible menace of overcrowding of human families. You wish local authorities to utilise powers granted in 1919 to stop luxury building until a sufficiency of houses are provided. In your strictures on banks and cinemas you might have included the putting up of more new churches. The great Founder of your religion never cared so much for marble pinnacles as He did for human souls. To labour for decent conditions for living men and women is better than the making of many prayers. I am glad that you combine both.

JOHN BULL.

To His Honour Judge ROWLAND ROWLANDS,
Pontypridd County Court

SIR,—I welcome your recent decision that when Poor Law Guardians grant parish relief, the money advanced must be regarded as a gift and not as a loan. It would be a monstrous hardship if after a spell of unemployment a man were forced to spend his hard-won wages not upon the postponed needs of his wife and family, but upon paying back the pittances which had kept body and soul together during the black times. Your reading of the Act is eminently just.

JOHN BULL.

To W. H. ROBINS, Esq., J.P.,
Chairman, Petersfield Magistrates.

SIR,—When Michel Edward Eustace, a poor old man of seventy-five, was brought before you charged with sleeping out one wet night under a hedge, instead of acceding to his request for a small fine with time allowed to find the money, you sent him to jail for seven days. Perhaps, like Nero, you found your own bed the softer by contrast with your prisoner's plight. The local residents administered their rebuke by subscribing £10, meeting the man at the prison gates and driving him, by car, to the next stage of his journey. They deserve a better magistrate.

JOHN BULL.

To the Rev. STEWART BERNAYS,
Finchley Parish Church.

SIR,—It seems that you have been greatly disturbed at the litter left behind them by visitors to your church. Among the pieces of paper you picked up the other day were the torn fragments of a love-letter. "The next time I find such a document," you say, "I shall piece it together, however long it takes, and post it for all to read on the church door." A pretty threat, but I would advise you to proceed with caution. There is just a chance that the individual thus pilloried might forget you're a parson and offer you the right hand of fellowship in an uncomfortable place.

JOHN BULL.

To Dr. W. G. SAVAGE,
Medical Officer of Health, Somerset.

DEAR SIR,—You declare that recorded outbreaks of acute infectious disease are traceable by hundreds to impure milk. The present position is scandalous. There should only be one quality of milk—Grade A. Cleanliness is possible and must be enforced. You are profoundly dissatisfied with the law which permits any fluid extracted from a cow to be labelled milk. Why do you medical officers not combine to make a row about it? Then something might be done.

JOHN BULL.

To A. W. TUNESE, Esq.,
88, Stonehouse Street, London, S.W.

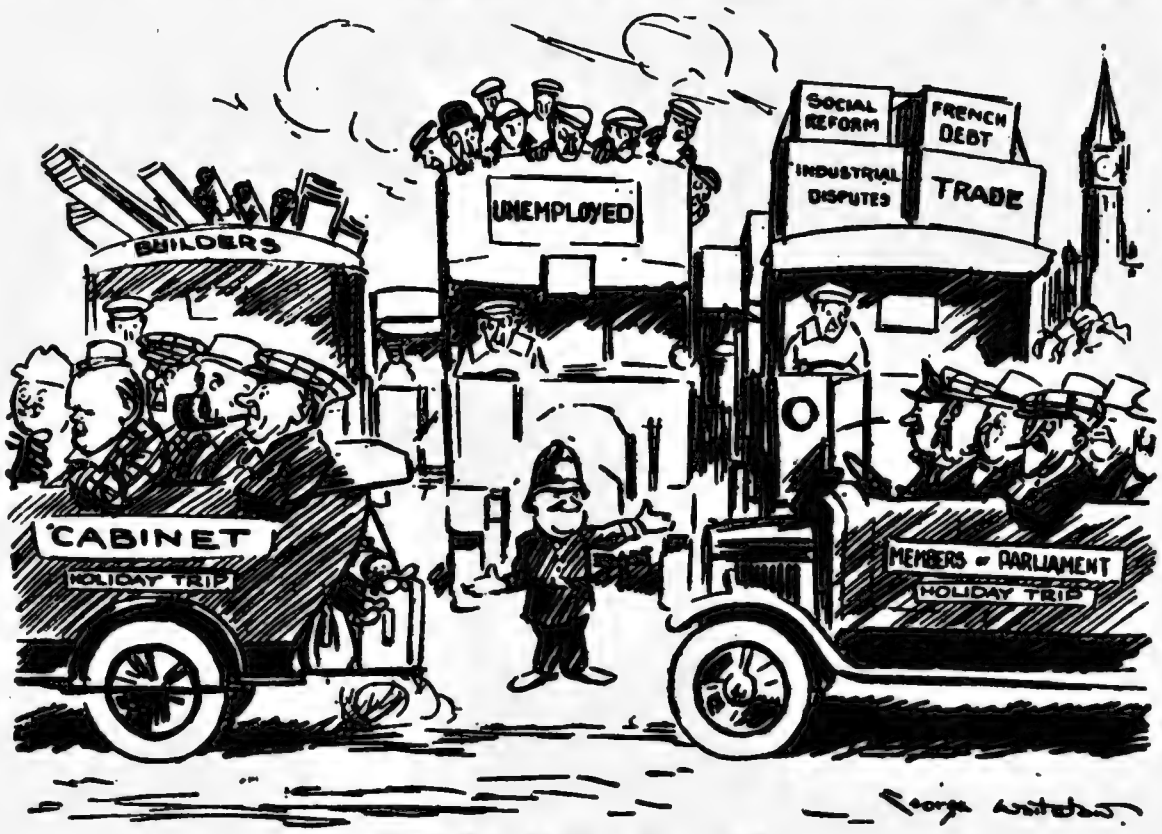
SIR,—Hearing that a family of four at Sutton is reduced to existing in a chicken house you, although "only a working man," offer the poor creatures an Army hut, rent-free, with material to make the dwelling watertight if only someone else will supply the labour. A glimmer of kind-heartedness and humanity such as you display if shed upon the House of Commons, would soon bring to an end our shocking housing conditions.

JOHN BULL.

To Mrs. FRANCIS WILLIAM FREEMAN,
Rotherhithe.

DEAR MADAM,—I cannot help thinking you are in a measure to blame for the course of conduct which had landed your husband in jail. Joint you ran a grocery business known as Freeman Stores, and at the same time your husband applied for the dole and secured benefits, by means of fraud and forgery, on your account and that of your children. It is fraud such as this which embitters life for genuine out-of-works. Think it over.

JOHN BULL.



THE HOLD UP.

Parliament has adjourned until November.

Straight from the Shoulder

MR. LLOYD GEORGE:—This (coal subsidy) is an definite guarantee.

M.P.s worth their salt will see that safe limits defined.

MR. H. A. L. FISHER:—The politician's business to say intelligible things in a clear, unmistakable

Which confirms our view that few politicians have remotest inkling of their business.

CARDINAL GASQUE:—Were women to go about without clothes it would be less repugnant to people good taste.

A remark in itself very repugnant to good taste.

MR. A. J. COOK:—The whole industry is going be ours.

Industry as a whole belongs to the nation as a whole Don't forget it.

MR. FRANK JONES:—Nothing will advance a boy the world so much as good pronunciation.

Except ability to work and a chance to do it.

SIR W. JOYNSON-HICKS:—Zinovieff is still using arts to destroy us.

Your job is to stop him. Get on with it. We're you.

Without Fear or Favour

THE NAVAL MANIACS

The Spiked Guns.

IT was inevitable, we suppose, that the "wild men" of the Labour Party should hail the expedient of a temporary subsidy to the mining industry as the beginning of the end of the present system of society.

The myopic vision of these anæmic disciples of Moscow confuses statesmanship with surrender.

We make no excuses for the Government. It temporised for weeks with a crisis that was apparent to everybody but itself. It failed even to organise means of keeping the nation supplied with necessities in the event of a complete dislocation of the transport services.

There is no doubt at all that the Government completely misread the situation and was helpless when the crucial moment came.

Mr. Baldwin secured a breathing space by a means which, in our opinion, was entirely justified, but which certainly does not justify the whirling words of the too-optimistic fire-eaters.

They woefully deceive themselves. Had the Premier not had the courage to take a course which the squealers of the stunt Press have sedulously endeavoured to represent as unsound and unpopular, then, indeed, the "wild men" would have had cause to be jubilant. For revolution would have been on the doorstep.

As it is, they may as well cool their ardour. They have lost the day, and the pillars of society remain unshaken.

Justice will be done, but it will not be purchased at the expense of handing over the civil power to a group of industrial agitators.

Mr. Baldwin spiked their guns when he granted the subsidy, and not all their noisy nonsense can disguise the truth.

Safety First

IT is the habit of this country to muddle along in the hope of eventually muddling through, but the ever-increasing tale of road accidents makes it imperative that something more definite than a policy of drift should be adopted.

There was a time when the daily reports of these accidents were laughed at as a silly season stunt of newspapers that had nothing better to write about; but that day has gone.

The daily casualty lists read more like the reports of a minor war than the humdrum life of a nation going about its ordinary business.

The matter cannot be left where it is. The whole question of licences, roads, dangerous corners, size and speed of public vehicles and a host of other matters needs urgent and expert attention.

One of the most urgent matters is the framing of regulations to deal with charabancs, and to ensure adequate and periodical inspection of these vehicles.

And it is imperative that nobody should be allowed to drive a motor vehicle of any description unless he is adequately insured against third party risks.

Headlong into War!

"BRITANNIA rules the waves" is all right as a sentimental catchword, but its implications when translated into cruisers and battleships make an appalling prospect. The real meaning of the Admiralty's victory is here disclosed

NOW that the coal crisis is temporarily averted the nation should consider in all earnestness just what the Admiralty's new cruiser programme means in the future, for it foreshadows a crisis beside which the coal turmoil pales into insignificance.

Defending his policy, Mr. Bridgeman said: "It is in order to afford protection to our trade routes that we are asking for this programme of replacement." Quite sound—if it contained the whole truth.

President Coolidge

But what is the whole truth? The truth is that the Admiralty proposals adopted by the Government disclose a serious conflict between Great Britain and America. The truth is that the Admiralty intends to rebuild a fleet so strong that it can command the High Seas of the world.

It has in mind a dual purpose, with an eye always on the possibility of the long-expected war between America and Japan breaking out.

If we are in this war—or any other—we shall endeavour, as in the late war, to hold up the High Seas and prevent any trade except our own, which we shall conduct at war prices. If we are not engaged in the war we shall prevent any interference with our shipping so that a similar operation may be effected.

WE stand to win—or rather the great financial interests behind the Admiralty stand to win—in any event.

This aim runs entirely counter not only to the promise which we gave to our Allies in the late war, but to the declared intentions of the American Government.

When President Wilson forwarded his fourteen points to the belligeren nations, as the basis of an armistice, the British Government reserved the two points which dealt with the freedom of the seas with a promise that it should be brought up for consideration at the Paris Conference.

That promise has never been honoured and America has made various attempts to secure its consideration. The conference of 1921 failed in its main objective because the British Admiralty succeeded in preventing the freedom of the seas coming under discussion.

President Coolidge, in contemplating a further conference, has in view primarily the formulation of a rule of law at sea which shall operate in peace and in war "except as the seas may be closed in whole or in part by international action for the enforcement of international covenants."

The nation, therefore, faces a dilemma on the solution of which hangs the whole future of the British Empire.

WE have deliberately resumed a race of naval armaments with a great naval Power which, as a result of the late war, is determined that in no future crisis shall its shipping be exposed to the annoyances it then suffered.

We shall also be compelled to engage in this race with all the fifty odd nations which have contributed to the efforts to formulate the sovereignty of law as opposed to the dominance of force.

We have to honour this obligation or else to face the enmity of the world. Let there be no doubt about it, unless there is established a rule of law at sea under the control of an international authority, we are heading for a conflict in which the British Admiralty will have to meet perhaps the combined navies of the world.

Stinking Fish

THE amazing disclosures in reference to the work of industrial assurance companies which have come to hand during the past three months are so appalling that they constitute one of the gravest national scandals this country has ever seen.

Why these companies are allowed to fleece the poor with impunity is a mystery we are at a loss to understand.

It is interesting to note that our attacks on this scandalous system have drawn no reply—if we except a single anonymous letter.

Our exposures have brought us thousands of letters, human documents that tell a tragic tale of those who have paid and lost, of the hardships inflicted on the widows and the fatherless, the aged and infirm, and of those who, after paying many, many years, have in the period of stress and unemployment lost all their life's savings.

The recent returns of assurance companies and societies show an income of £53,000,000, out of which £20,000,000 went in expenses.

Those who provided this vast revenue, scraped together in hard-earned coppers, received less than £15,000,000 in return for the huge amount they had paid in weekly or monthly premiums.

Over 6,000,000 policies lapsed last year, and the companies pocketed every penny of the premiums paid, and out of the moneys thus obtained paid dividends and bonuses amounting to upwards of 100 per cent.

Fifty families took for themselves upwards of £20,000 each out of the moneys thus extracted from the miseries and misfortunes of the poor.

It is a matter that calls to heaven for enquiry and redress. How long must this grinding of the faces of the poor continue before this scandal is ended?

A Holiday Scandal

WE invite the Ministry of Transport to wake up to the fact that the overcrowding of holiday trains is approaching the dimensions of a scandal.

Systematic overcrowding has been going on for years, and it is time the railway companies were told bluntly that they will not be allowed to employ this means of swelling their revenue at the expense of the health of the community.

It is no uncommon thing for passengers to be packed into the corridors and in the luggage van; men, women and children crowded into carriages without lights, without lavatory accommodation, and without a drop of water on the train.

Nor is it uncommon for mothers with young children to have to sit on their luggage in the corridor for twelve hours.

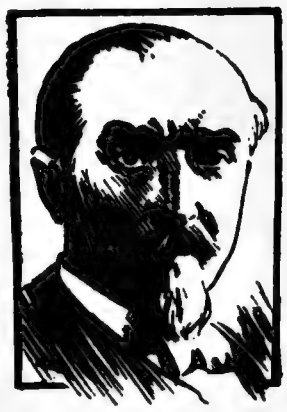
Holiday trips under these conditions are nightmares of misery, suffering and wretchedness which the railway companies have no right whatever to inflict on the public.

Strict rules are made to prevent overcrowding on 'buses and trams. Why should the public not receive equal attention on trains?

Can We Afford Churchill?

FRENZIED finance on the part of the Chancellor and the big bankers will land the nation in bankruptcy. Gallipoli, according to Mr. Churchill, was "a gamble"—he is still gambling, but this time with national prosperity and the security of the State. He is a positive menace

by A. G. GARDINER



Mr. Montagu Norman, Governor of the Bank of England, whose American mission led up to the present gold standard

IT is hard on Mr. Baldwin that he should be the instrument for compelling us to pay Mr. Churchill's gambling debts. That is not an unfair way of describing the tremendous thing that is happening in the coal trade. I call it tremendous in the fullest sense of that word. I go further. I say that nothing so alarming has occurred in the industrial and commercial history of this country in our time. It may well be the beginning of a revolution the end of which no one can forecast.

We are proposing to put the basic industry of this country on the dole. We are not saying, "Here is a little, new, struggling industry of great promise which needs a little help from the public purse to set it on its feet and give it a start." We are saying, "Here is the industry on which the commercial greatness of this country has been built up for more than a century, on whose prosperity every other great industry is founded. And this great industry is bankrupt. It cannot pay its way. It cannot hold its own in the markets of the world. It cannot supply fuel to our own industries at a price which will enable them to produce. We must put it on the taxes as a pauper. Only for a time, of course."

The beginning of nationalisation

Yes, only for a time certainly, for the end of such a startling experiment will soon be reached. How can you stop at coal? If coal is to be subsidised by other industries which are in an even worse way than coal, how can we refuse to subsidise them?

This is nationalisation with a vengeance. It is nationalisation on the basis of universal bankruptcy. It is the most sensational step to Bolshevism that has ever been taken in this country. It has been taken by a Conservative Government.

If I were a Bolshevist I should rejoice, as Mr. Cook rejoices. But I am not a Bolshevist, not because I believe the Bolshevist doctrine to be necessarily wrong, but because so violent a revolution in an intricate, complex society like ours would mean an unthinkable catastrophe and because I believe that all the disorders in that society can be remedied by the wise legislative and administrative system that we have invented and control.

Where angels feared to tread

Now, I do not say that Mr. Churchill is alone responsible for this momentous departure. But it is beyond dispute that the crisis that has issued in the present alarming situation is largely due to a policy for which Mr. Churchill is responsible. He did not begin that policy; but he brought it to a head, he rushed it to a finish. Where others had tinkered, he struck home.

He gambled on the gold standard. He gambled on making the British sovereign look the American dollar in the face. In doing so he has given reality to a famous phrase which when first used was nonsense, "You shall not crucify mankind on a cross of gold," said W. J. Bryan in the speech that made him candidate for the American Presidency. It has been a jest ever since. Mr. Churchill has given it a new and sinister meaning.

What is the root of the great controversy that has flared up in this startling episode? It is a struggle between finance and trade, not as to the end, but as to the means to the end. Both want to restore prosperity, but they differ as to the way to do it.

Ever since the war the financiers have had the whip hand with the Government. They have forced the pace in the return to the gold standard. Get the sovereign neck and neck in exchange value with the dollar, they have said, and all will come right. Trade will be hit hard in the meantime, it has to be worse before better.

Almighty dollar versus sovereign

And so the sovereign in its struggle to equal the dollar has been flogged and spurred like a horse in low condition matched against a horse in the pink of condition. Every time the spur has been applied we have seen the same result.

In 1919–20 we were in the midst of a great trade boom. In went the spurs and the sovereign lunged forward to catch up the dollar. And as it lunged forward, trade collapsed, unemployment began and the winter of depression set in.

Then came a reaction. The sovereign was not spurred and flogged. Trade began to recover, unemployment to diminish. By June a year ago the number of unemployed was down by half.

Then came Mr. Churchill. Then came the visit of the Governor of the Bank of England to the United States. Then came the preparation for a terrific sprint which would at last bring the sovereign neck and neck with the dollar.

In his Budget, Mr. Churchill announced the great adventure. It is accomplished, and the result is before us in the worsened condition of trade and the catastrophe in the coal industry.

Let us take a simple example of how the mischief works. A year ago when the exchange value of the sovereign was below the dollar, the customer for our coal or our rails in South America got £1 worth of our goods for, say, 18s. To-day he has to pay 20s.

Down go our exports; down goes trade; up goes unemployment. It would be all right if the 10 per cent. increase in exchange value abroad could be balanced by a 10 per cent. fall in the cost of production at home. But it cannot be. The cost of production is the same and the trader cannot export at a loss; he cannot produce without a loss.

But, say the financiers, wages must come down, and unemployment is the way to bring them down. They will only come down nominally, for the effect of our surgical operation will be to bring the cost of living down and to make the real value of the wages the same. Then we shall be able to produce cheaply and recover our trade.

Then the financiers first put up the bank-rate. That is, they made money dearer so that traders and manufacturers found their credit restricted and their enterprise checked. More unemployment.

An expensive Cabinet luxury

Since then they repented of their foolishness and as suddenly dropped the bank-rate. It may be that before industry has accommodated itself to the change they will raise it again.

They have put an embargo on foreign loans, so that foreign customers who would borrow our money to buy our goods cannot trade with us. More unemployment.

Meanwhile, credit must be eased, the bank-rate should be lowered, foreign loans to our customers abroad must be welcomed, and the strangle-hold of finance on industry must be relaxed.

Finally, how long is it to be before we learn that Mr. Churchill is too costly a luxury for any country to enjoy and pay for?

Nothing must stand in the way of industrial recovery

Weeping on

THREE months' stay in this country has inclined me to believe that, although Prohibition in the States may not be the wonderful thing some of us say it is, yet it has given us an advantage over you in that it has made our workmen happy and prosperous.

Mr. Pussyfoot Johnson, the protagonist of the Prohibition Movement

You over here hear only the "gory" side. You learn from your newspapers that there is rum-running on a large scale, and that liquor is fairly easily obtained in New York if a man has the money. Quite true. But there are other things that must be taken into account.

The amounts deposited in the United States Savings Banks during the five years of prohibition are greater than at any period of our existence. The workers may not be getting drink, but they are saving their money.

Women who, prior to the great experiment, were often short of money owing to their husbands' drinking habits, are enjoying life as never before. Children are well clad, homes are well furnished, workers are buying cars, and America generally is enjoying an era of prosperity. The nation's health is better to-day than it was five years ago.

And that brings me to the question as it affects Great Britain. ***Will England be forced to fall into line with the United States when it is definitely proved that we have been successful and that our industrial prosperity is the sure sign of our success?***

I cannot help thinking that Britain would be better for some such action, not in twenty or thirty years, but to-day. I feel—perhaps unwarrantably—there may be something more than coincidence in the fact that while there is, on the one hand, great poverty and idleness and industrial depression, on the other hand you have a high drink bill involving wastage of human energy and initiative.

I am not a kill joy, and in this case (although a doctor) I do not intend to take refuge in the argument that drink is injurious to health. I am thinking of nothing else but the effect of drink on industry, and I am surprised that someone has not come forward before now to draw attention to this.

Only this week I dined with one of your captains of industry, a man whose name is honoured all

Four Nights of Purgatory

WITH too many of the big charitable organisations charity begins at home. Luxurious offices and high-salaried officers absorb much of the funds and the destitute are left with the crumbs that fall from the rich official's table. Public charity must be supervised and nationally administered

by "A GENTLEMAN WITH A DUSTER"

General Bramwell Booth, head of the Salvation Army, which administers succour with "great delicacy of kindness"

WHETHER we are in for a period of upheaval and havoc is a matter on which opinion is divided ; but there can be little doubt, I think, that the next five years will be a time of great and exhaustive stocktaking.

Mr. Baldwin has made a start with a Royal Commission on the Coal Industry. Further, I prophesy that presently there will be a Royal Commission to enquire into the Railways, and after that a Royal Commission to enquire into the whole complex question of Land. Everything that is foundational to our life will be overhauled, and five years from now, whether individualism remains or socialism triumphs, nothing will be quite the same.

These are great matters and may bide their time. For the moment I wish to advocate the setting up of a Royal Commission to investigate a matter which may seem of minor importance to many people, but which, quietly reflected upon, will be seen to have a vital significance for this present and troubled hour in our national history.

I refer to the numerous charities of Britain. Let us have a vigorous stocktaking in this department of our social life, an enquiry which will not fear to expose scandal, and let us see whether the Christian kindness of this country is being preyed upon by a considerable legion of official parasites, and mismanaged by a number of very incompetent people.

Stifled by starvation

A letter lies at my side written by a lady who bears a name famous in English literature, and who was nursed in childhood on the knee of a man whose hand, were he still alive, many of our greatest would be proud to kiss. Yet she has slept on the Embankment in bitter weather, and has been picked up in the streets of London by an ambulance and borne to a hospital in a state of absolute starvation. Consider this single passage from her letter :

"I was without a shelter or food for four nights ; for two nights I got shelter at St. Martin's Church. This was my second experience there. The lady officer advised me to apply to The Women's Auxiliary Services at Rochester Row. How I managed to get there is a mystery, but I did, and saw the lady inspector who was very nice, but they, so she said, had no means to help anybody. If I could wait for a week or two the Society might hear of some work I could do."

"No room in the inn"

Bear in mind that this lady is very well educated and her moral character is beyond reproach.

This woman who writes me this letter is known to a friend of mine ; she has been a secretary and companion to great ladies ; and she is still as capable of holding a position of trust as any other educated and upright woman in the land. There is nothing against her, either morally or intellectually. Once she was rich, and now, through no fault of her own, she is poor. That may be the fate of any of us.

The lady inspector of the Women's Auxiliary Services saw how ill she was and advised her to go to Charing Cross Hospital. The letter continues :

"I crawled rather than walked to Victoria Station, to rest a while, then on to Charing Cross Station, to rest there. Eventually I got to the hospital, but I found that I had first to apply to the Relieving Officer in St. Martin's Lane."

Happily for her she received the greatest kindness at Charing Cross Hospital, and was immediately given nourishment which saved her from the last onslaughts of starvation ; but with her health restored the same terrible problem awaited her in the world outside those gentle wards.

How to get work ? Where to lay her head ? This poor lady, bearer of a noble name, virtuous and well-educated, crawling about the streets of London and resting in railway stations, found herself in the position of Hood's unfortunate : "Near a whole city full—Home she had none."

Now, while this lady walked the hard streets of London and slept with tramps on the Thames Embankment, thousands of men and women were living comfortable lives as secretaries and clerks of charitable organisations. I do not desire, of course, that such people should lead uncomfortable lives, nor am I so stupid as to think that charitable organisations can exist without clerical staffs ; but I am certain of this, that if the charities of England were administered with real ability, and also in the spirit which moves people to subscribe to them, there would be a much smaller wage bill every week, and a far larger sum for disbursement among the poor and suffering.

The army of salvation

I also am bound to say that in my experience there is a tendency towards hardness of heart and narrowness of outlook among the well-paid officials of charity. So convinced am I of this spirit in our charitable organisations, that I communicate only with the Salvation Army when I hear of cases of distress which demand immediate succour, and great delicacy of kindness.

I am sorry to say that so far as I can judge, the larger the salary of a charitable official the less humanity is there in his heart, and the stronger seems his tendency to practise a mean and niggardly economy in the work of relieving distress.

It is of high importance that the great kindness of England should be felt in every section of the community, and that the whole nation should feel itself, particularly in a time of grave industrial unrest, united in the brothering bonds of charity. It should not be possible for anyone in this country to fall by the wayside, or to go about the world with the feeling that no one cares for him.

"Love that pardons past transgressions"

There is enough love in our midst to befriend the most sorrowful and to save even the most hopeless. But this great love of England must rescue itself from the parasites of charitable organisation, and think out a new method of ministration.

There must be fewer offices at high rents, fewer officials at high salaries, and far more personal work by those who now subscribe the funds of charity.

Perhaps that is the real solution—unpaid work by those who have love and leisure. How many idle women, bored to extinction, and living on their nerves, would find health and happiness in a work which is at once profoundly patriotic and supremely religious.

Let us, in any case, call for a Royal Commission to investigate the whole body of English charity, so that we may understand how it is possible for any worthy person to drop in our streets from the extreme anguish of starvation while so many thousands of pounds are subscribed every year to societies whose only object and only profession is to serve the suffering.

turday Night

by Dr. WALTER SEARS (The Great American Physician)

over the world, and who has travelled extensively and speaks with authority.

"I am beginning to think you Americans were right," he said to me, "and we British manufacturers are seeing daylight. From what I can see you have made your people happier, more contented, more prosperous. You have reconciled drunken husbands and scared wives, and given children a decent chance of growing up to be of some use. And what's a dashed sight more important, you have taught your workers that they can do without drink, and never know they're doing without it!"

HE told me that the people of this country would never stand prohibition. "They'll be told that it is an attack on their personal liberty—although to-day they can't buy cigarettes or chocolates after a certain hour. They'll be told that the kill-joys want to make life a smileless affair, and they'll all resist it as hard as they can."

And my answer was that the women would never resist such a move. No woman in her senses would. Every woman realises that sobriety means more comfort in the home, more money to spend on the children. And the men know this. They are, in my opinion, just as eager to get more out of life as are the women. But they have tackled wrongly in the past. They have been told the wrong things, shown the wrong results. The newspapers have made a fetish of "personal liberty" which does not exist—and cannot exist—in this or any other country in the world.

America is striding ahead in industry, and America is Britain's biggest commercial rival. The diehards can say what they like about Prohibition in the States. They cannot deny the figures in the savings banks and the dividends being paid by the huge industries of America.

The real fruits of our experiment will not be seen in this generation. *But we are breeding a generation that does not know what it means to see father come home drunk at midnight and mother weeping for money on Saturday.*

OUR worst period is over. The great thing was in starting, in getting the people used to the idea of a land without liquor. That has been done. The rest lies with the future.

British industry is languishing. There are many reasons for it—taxes, war depression, etc. But I do not think that it should be overlooked that in your midst is a factor that makes only for slackness and idleness. And when you have exterminated that you may be able to get to the bottom of your other troubles.

Add this pleasure to your leisure

Complete change is essential to the full enjoyment of your leisure hours. Change of clothes, of air, of effort mental and physical, of food, and even of your smoking habits! Your workaday cigarettes will to-morrow seem more enjoyable if you give them a rest this evening and smoke Manikins—these choice but economical little cigars with the Mild Havana Flavour. Manikins give you *cigar* luxury at little more than *cigarette* cost.

Smoke MANIKIN

MILD HAVANA FLAVOUR CIGARS

Being real cigars, Manikins give you smoking satisfaction which only a cigar can give. Buy a packet to-day just to try them. You will buy a box to-morrow—and wonder how you ever did without them.

5-10d 10-1/8

The Ideal Smoke for the HOLIDAYS

25 for 4/2

In cedarwood box

In Sunshine Ward

ANGEL OF PARADISE COURT

"Give Us me Trousis"

by **PHILIP INMAN**

AS this issue goes to press news comes to hand that Mr. Philip Inman has been taken seriously ill and has had to undergo an operation which, our readers will be delighted to hear, has been highly successful. However, Mr. Inman will be unable to contribute his "Sunshine Ward" feature for the next two weeks; its place will be taken by special articles written by Mr. Inman for JOHN BULL *before his illness. "In Sunshine Ward" will be resumed on his recovery.*

FOR years my lot has been cast in an atmosphere of suffering, disease and death. But even now I can never see a child in agony without feeling that choking sensation. It seems so callous and cruel that an innocent bairn should have to pass so early in life through the Garden of Gethsemane.

I know most of the contentions which deal with hereditary suffering, but they leave me cold. Why the innocent should suffer for the guilty remains to me an unanswered riddle.

During the last few weeks my very being has been stirred to its depths. I have been an eye-witness of an inspiring but tragic spectacle.

The characters in this drama of life are two children. One lies in the ward of a London hospital, the other spends her days in one of London's worst slums, which bears the paradoxical name of Paradise Court. The one child is of the stuff of which heroes are made; the other is fashioned in the same mould as many a martyr whom history has made immortal.

Mr. Philip Inman

It is two months ago since Jimmy Hatch, a boy of seven, came into a hospital bed. His complaint was a congenital one—it was born with him.

The disease of the father, caused by his criminal folly or culpable ignorance, had been transmitted to his offspring.

The child was pretty bad when admitted to the hospital and the tortures he endured must have been agonising in the extreme. Yet, never a tear fell from his eyes, never a sob escaped his lips.

When the spasms of pain became almost unbearable his little face became enshrined as with a halo. Not once did he complain or murmur about his lot. I have never seen courage like it.

The doctor called him "Sunny Jim," and a more appropriate name could not be found, for sunshine radiated from him. Where his happy disposition came from was a mystery, until one day I was let into the secret.

Legacy of ignorance

I saw sitting by this child's bedside a girl of about fourteen. She had the cheeriest face imaginable. There was something infectious about it. She seemed in strange contrast to the sordid sufferings which surrounded her.

Later I made enquiries about the girl. She was the patient's eldest sister, but she was more than that; she was known in Paradise Court as the "little mother."

Her own mother had been dead three years, leaving five children under the age of eleven, and this child had shouldered the burdens of motherhood. But the strange thing is that they were not a burden to her.

All day long she sang as she toiled. The only time she was not singing was when her father made his appearance. Not that he was cruel to them, but his wife's death had hardened and embittered him. He showed it by his indifference to his children.

I got into the habit of going into the ward when I knew that the little sister-mother would be there. Added to her other responsibilities she never missed coming to the hospital a single day.

When it was thought that the little patient was well on the road to recovery he had a serious relapse, and at one time his life was despaired of. He had had no sleep for four nights. His little frame, never robust, was completely exhausted.

In his condition it was dangerous to administer narcotics. As I went into the ward that day I encountered a sight which created that curious emotional feeling in the spine. It moved me intensely.

The little mother was there trying her hardest to make Jimmy go to sleep. Her efforts were wonderful in their ingenuity. A heart of stone would have melted to hear her soft, soothing voice singing:

"Jesus bids us shine with a pure, clear light,
Like a little candle burning in the night."

The prayer of a child—who will deny that it found its way into the heart of the Great Unseen? Within half an hour the little patient was sleeping soundly. That rest did for him what no medicines could do, and the next morning he was decidedly better. From that day he never looked back.

• • •

Yesterday, completely recovered, the sister-mother came for him. When the boy saw her he shouted out excitedly to an auburn-haired nurse who was in the ward:

"Hi, Ginger, give us me trousis, I'm going 'ome."

The Sentence of the Court

Lore of the Land

Wood and Wind

INSPIRED evidently by a desire to impress the truly rural jury, Mr. E. F. L. Wood, Minister of Agriculture, in making his way to the dock, tried to imitate the gait of a man accustomed to walking over ploughed fields. To a charge of failing to produce his policy when called upon to do so, the Minister pleaded "Not guilty."

Mr. Watchdog K.C., said that the accused, in asking for a vote for his Dept. of £1,565,386, stated that the twin functions of the Ministry were the protection and development of agriculture. One of his ideas of "protection" was the wholesale slaughter of cattle in connection with foot-and-mouth disease, although a prophylactic was available. As for "developing" the industry, agriculture was actually on the down grade.

"We are," continued counsel, "importing £57,000,000 worth more agricultural produce annually than we did in 1913. Last year we brought across the seas £380,000,000 worth of food; yet eminent authorities have told us that by the proper utilisation of the soil our own land could be made to yield £250,000,000 worth of this produce.

"That the land is not yielding us food up to anything approaching its capacity is no reflection upon the sons of the soil, but is due to the blight of landlordism.

"Under our present system, anything done for agriculture finds its way into the rent rolls of the landlords, many of whom rarely penetrate farther into the country than Roehampton, and would be hard put to it to distinguish a ploughshare from a mangel-wurzel.

"These urban agriculturists often boast that they know a horse when they see one, but what precisely they know when they don't see a horse nobody has ever been able to ascertain."

MR. STRAWSPLITTER said it was unfair to suggest that his client was without a policy. Mr. Wood did not favour revolutionary ideas, but pinned his faith to the value of agricultural education and research. Abuse of landlordism was a favourite Socialist device, but it got them nowhere.

• • •

"Abuse of landlordism may get us nowhere," observed Mr. Justice Bell, "but landlordism itself has got us in the soup. We are the only country in the world with a landless peasantry. The great landlords have for long been allowed to behave like the lords of creation, and, despite a well worn scriptural quotation relating to the meek, it cannot be said that our agricultural workers are especially blessed or that their chances of inheriting the earth are very rosy.

E. F. L. Wood.

"If the prisoner would induce his colleagues at the Admiralty to retard the building of only one cruiser for one month, the saving effected would cover the cost of an efficient agricultural survey.

"Pious hopes that miracles may be effected by something vaguely described as 'education and research' are a poor substitute for a definite and vigorous land policy. It is the prisoner's duty to produce such a policy. He will be given time to do so and, failing its production, will be 'given time' in a less agreeable sense."

Slaves of the Golden Calf

WHILE the world is getting more humane it is becoming less human. Workers and masters wage civil war in industry—they must be coaxed, not clubbed, into peace. There is only one way of escape from the horrors of modern war and modern industrialism—the Way of Friendship

by the Rev. F. W. NORWOOD *(Pastor of the City Temple)*

IN these days every man is, of course, seeking his own immediate ends, and the quest for some is absorbing enough; but there is little sense of team-work. The most that a man could profess with any sort of intellectual honesty would be that he was engaged in looking after "Number One," and was leaving the rest to chance.

There are two departments of activity which have almost monopolised the interests of men, and in both the outlook is menacing: our racial interests, and our economic needs. In each of these realms we have become sectionalised, and our divisions are big with disaster.

Our racial systems but the other day went crashing down into war. It seemed as if nothing but reckless blood-shedding could save them. Half the world ranged itself into two camps, each one of which persuaded itself that all virtue was upon its own side and the concentrated wickedness of the world was upon the other.

Fooling ourselves with open eyes

Now we know, to our bitter sorrow, that we were all fighting shadows. The forces were lined up under false banners and given misleading names. They were called by the name of their nation, the grouping was national and geographical.

The fighting men of the Great War should have been divided by moral divisions, and the fight should have been not between Germans and British, but between the men of evil disposition and the men of good will.

Accident of birth determined whether men—innocent of all hatred of the opponent—should be on the side of the Germans—much maligned by the British—or on the side of the British—much maligned by the German. Their accumulation of fighting-force was gathered round a Union Jack or a Black Eagle.

What would have been the grouping if the ghostly spirits of the fallen on both sides had taken shape and form? In that Other World do you think national flags and geographical boundaries divide the men who fell? I am sure not: they are divided according to their spiritual condition.

And we are still floundering in the mire. Military and naval strategy have already drawn quits. It is the Allies who now are deploying one against the other their battalions and their battleships.

Either let us confess that there is a fallacy here or admit that we are insane. Our tragic condition is that we know we are fooling ourselves but cannot stop—we can only go on making sure that the next war will be more deadly than the last!

The chaos is just as great in the economic realm. There we are at war one with the other, not merely along our national frontiers but within our own lines. They who fought shoulder to shoulder against an external foe are now ranged in opposite camps.

We all doff our hats before the Cenotaph in Whitehall upon which are inscribed the eloquent words "Our Glorious Dead," but we know quite well that if those same men were still living, we should be calling them "Bolshevists" or "bloated capitalists" according to our humour.

The truth is, we have carried on industry as if it were a war, with the usual and inevitable results. On the score of ruthlessness there has been little to choose between the militaristic and the industrial types. It must be irrational that food, clothing, and all the conveniences of life, instead of making the world more pleasantly habitable, are surely and not even slowly aligning men for the most desperate of all struggles!

Civil war in industry

As in the case of militaristic war, so in industrial war, the flag no longer defines the issue. Englishman is here pitted against Englishman, and while an external threat gave us solidarity for a brief period, our internal quarrels may split us asunder.

In the industrial realm the folly of the strike or the lock-out is apparent to all. On both sides the leaders profess devotion to peace. High-minded men in either camp are making experiments in the hope of finding solutions.

Both know in their heart of hearts that the divisions known as employers and employees will always exist even if their form should be altered. There will always be some people more enterprising and competent than others. Even under a complete form of Socialism we should be looking not less eagerly than now for men with initiative and drive. If they were not forthcoming then, God help us!

If we must always depend upon the majority vote, the only alternative would be inertia or stampede. Let a system be called by any name we may fancy, if it does not give outlet for masterful ability it will be fatal to progress.

We are not needing a new system half so much as a new spirit. We seem to be growing more humane but not noticeably, as yet, more *human*. We lift hands of horror as we recall some of the old cruelties perpetrated in the name of business—such as negro slavery and child-labour.

Making pals with the boss

All advanced employers believe now in high wages and short hours of labour. Many of the noblest are trying-out experiments in profit-sharing or in welfare work. But for the most part these efforts do not indicate so much a change of view as a change of method.

They are intended to mitigate friction so that the old game of making money may proceed more smoothly. They aim at making the worker contented rather than at giving him equal status as a man. They are sops doled out from the managerial office; they are not yet manifestations of the true spirit of comradeship. They are humane, but to a pitiful degree they are not human.

Candour compels me to say that it is equally so on the side of the workers. They visualise the man who has, by industry or skill, improved his position in the world, not as a comrade who, as often happened in the Army, lifted himself deservedly above the rank and file and was therefore entitled to honour, but as one who has played them a trick and must be pulled down at all costs.

They do not seem to realise that a man may prate about equality and brotherhood in order to advance himself even as another may acquire money for the same purpose. He also may be humane rather than human.

There is a great truth, already conceived and coming slowly to the birth which may yet reconstruct the world. It is that nineteen-twentieths of life is summed up in human relationships.

Our habit of restricting our friendships to a select coterie is but a way by which we strip life of its meaning. The wealthiest man would be richer if he had the genuine friendship of a good artisan; and the artisan would have fuller life if he were on good terms with his "boss." Our humanity is greater than our humaneness.

The Rev. F. W. Norwood

The world is not a dead thing to be exploited. Winning coal is not a post-mortem surgical operation by which we disembowel our mother-earth. It is an enterprise by which we explore the treasure-chest in which the Creator has packed away light and energy for our use.

Perhaps the greatest of all evils is that we have commercialised the universe. We buy and sell rather than live. We make money and lose friends. There is treasure enough in the world to meet the human needs of all men. It is not merely there to minister to our laziness but in such a form as to call out our energies, and the combined use of our energies is our greatest act of fellowship.

Man and his money

Nature provides scarcely anything that is adequate for our needs without the co-operation of the human hand and brain. Unless the universe is utterly irrational, these things were intended for the growth of humanity and character and fellowship.

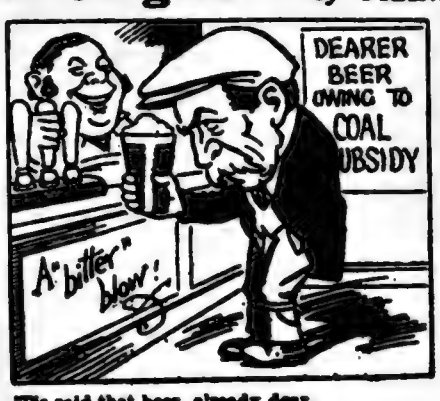
Money, elevated from its proper place as a mere medium of exchange, and fashioned into a golden calf, has led us astray. Man is greater than money and fellowship is the very essence of life.

The world is young yet. It must make many painful experiments before it learns the full truth. It will learn at last that life is only complete when it has become n the fullest sense truly *human*.

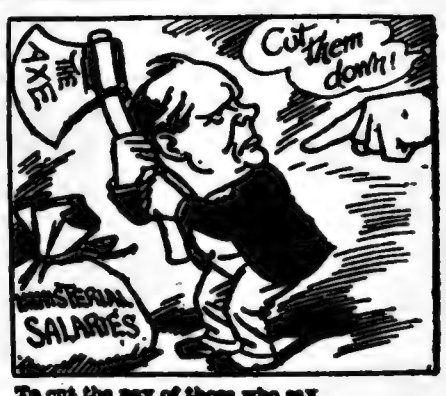
Cartoonettes and Topical Jingles by FRANK HOLLAND

They made no groans when getting loans
But now repayment's starting,
Our friends the French can't stand the wrench
—The bitter pang!—of "parting."

The Tory press we must confess
Is most incomprehensible,
They would have railed had Stanley failed
The one solution sensible.



'Tis said that beer, already dear,
Will now go up a penny;
To pay for coal that's on the "dole"
Is one way out of many.



To cut the pay of those who say
"We must be sparse with money,"
To us appears, we have our fears,
An attempt to be funny.

A Tradition of QUALITY lies behind

"Lucana" Cigarettes, because they are made by a firm which has manufactured nothing but *high-grade* products for over a quarter of a century.

For 25 years "Lucanas" have always been very large high-grade cigarettes, elegantly boxed, and owing to their high price exclusive to the wealthy few.

The new "Lucanas" in the popular standard size and packing bring these superb "luxury" cigarettes within the reach of the average purse.

The new "Lucanas," *despite their popular price*, live up to the traditions of

'Lucana'

Pronounced Lu-kah-na

The *Luxury* Cigarettes

which have been smoked by the elite for over a quarter of a century.

"66" Plain Virginia, Cork-tipped Virginia and "99" Turkish—the 3 *modern* "Lucanas"—are in no sense new cigarettes, being just the old famous extra-large and expensive "Lucanas" made up in the *standard popular* size.

The old & famous 'Lucana' Quality yet only

6D for 10

Plain and Cork-Tipped Virginia and Turkish.

Words Winged to Women

PARENTS WORSE THAN SAVAGES

The Cry of the Kiddies

by **MABEL HORNER**

AUGUST, and holidays. One thinks of golden sands and sunshine, of lovely seashores, melodious with happy kiddies' shouts. August is the kiddies' heyday, and there's solid ground for pride in British youngsters. Their physique is improving. Their chance of life is greater. The spread of sound, scientific knowledge is doing its work.

All the more terrible is it to remember that Britain has not yet wiped out the reverse side of the picture. In this country, where there is so much thought and care for child life, there is still an appalling number of persons who are very cruel to children.

Mabel Horner

Hence we have special organisations for the prevention of cruelty to children. "And I am never able to decide," said a well-reverened Canon of the Anglican Church, "whether that is a sign of our civilisation or our barbarity." True, they have no such organisations among the savage, or coloured races, but that is no safe guide.

We, in this country, have set a certain standard for childlife. We are constantly endeavouring to raise it. Our indignation is actively aroused when those, who should know better, fall short.

I remember being in a small, northern town, when a case of bitter cruelty came to light. Persons passing a lonely manor house had heard the sound of a child, sobbing in the night. Every night the sobs and low moans were heard, and anxiety was aroused.

Investigation showed a horrible state of affairs. A little girl of thirteen, thin, emaciated, tied to a bedpost, thrashed, burned on her arms, and bruised, because she was "in the way" of a step-mother who hated her from the first.

A Hell-room

It was good for that stepmother that a well-guarded police van drew up next day before her gates. If she had been left to the indignant temper of the angry populace matters would not have been nice.

From innumerable cases in the last few days, I take three. From different parts of the country they are chosen quite at random. At Kidderminster, Annie Hinett, a widow with a pension of £2 14s. per week, has been convicted of gross cruelty to three of her children.

Inspector Terry, of the N.S.P.C.C., found them in a room so terrible he was glad to get out. The bairns were verminous, clad in filthy rags held together with pins. Annie Hinett is one mother. There are numbers of similar type.

At Chesterfield, George Smith showed to what depths a father may descend. When discharged from the Army he enjoyed £4 per week for a year and a half. He spent the time and money in drunkenness, showed his children how to thieve and rogue, and drove them to seek their clothing on refuse heaps. Living now on the dole, he tried to give away one child who was mentally deficient.

Another travesty of a parent is Elizabeth Palethorpe, of Barnsley, who found herself accused of attempted murder, because she thrust her shrieking, terrified baby of two years old into the canal to "give her husband a fright" and incidentally relieve her wicked temper.

What must be done with such people? Society's present way is short. Hinett and Smith go to prison, Palethorpe is bound over to be of good behaviour. In view of the desperate need of the children, such measures are not enough.

From all over the world delegates have gathered to sit in the ninth International Prison Congress, to discuss the best method of treating criminals. They report a remarkable diminution of crime in this country.

Contributory causes

But cruelty to children appears to stand in a category apart. It is bound up with many things: bad housing, drink, jealousy and passion.

There are women interested in the Prison Congress. If they put together their combined experience and formulated plans with special reference to the dreadful crime of cruelty to children, light might be shed on this dark problem. I hope it will be done.

Good Jobs for Girls

Critics of the Hearth

by **MARGARET BONDFIELD** (*Late Parliamentary Secretary to the Ministry of Labour*)

"THOUSANDS of women out of work" and "so many thousands of homes where the wife and mother is over-worked, wanting domestic help but unable to get it." These are two statements frequently made, both true, and together revealing something wrong in our system.

Many critics of present conditions forget that in the old days before the war, domestic service was largely recruited by personal connections and the training was done by the older servants or housekeeper as the case may be.

During the war the very basis of this training was destroyed. Many families dispensed with staffs, servants were dismissed wholesale, and there has been a lapse of about five to ten years during which no young people entered domestic service under the old method of systematic training.

On the contrary, the type that would have entered domestic service went into munition factories, and became familiar with factory regulations, factory conditions, and a decent standard of life.

Cul-de-sac living

It is useless to say to these: "Go back to your proper sphere, and do the domestic work from which the war called you. It is the only opening for your energies, and offers you a far healthier and happier life than factory work."

They simply do not listen. To begin with, many of them could not be fairly bidden to return, for they were never in domestic work, and probably never wanted to be in it. To enter it now would mean tackling an entirely new job for them, one for which they may not be at all suited. The higher forms of domestic work are more difficult and exacting than many people seem to know, and make far greater demands upon a woman's powers, her physique, her good will, and her time, than the majority of men are apt to think.

Snags for the skivvy

Girls who turn away from the suggestion of "service" know all too well the bad conditions under which many servants are expected to perform their duties, the absence of freedom, the difference of social status, the low wages and long hours on duty. These are deterrent factors that must be regulated and put upon a basis more comparable with that secured for the industrial worker, before domestic service becomes the deliberate choice of the necessary proportion of women.

There is the very serious drawback that the industrial worker who is asked to leave her trade and go into domestic service would thereby forfeit her unemployment benefit. She is not even permitted an experimental period. If she takes the situation for, say, twelve months, she has entered an uninsurable occupation, and when she becomes unemployed she has forfeited all right to unemployment benefit.

And what about the large group of women tied to their homes and unable to move after the job? Circumstances compel them into what becomes casual labour, and to them unemployment pay is a necessity.

Much has been done to steady the morale and increase the efficiency of these women by the provision of classes at domestic training centres. The Central Committee on Women's Training and Employment has done valuable work in this direction, and has secured the transference of about 15,000 from industrial occupations to domestic service, which means a proportion of some 65 per cent. of the number trained.

Well-equipped women

The period of training is thirteen weeks, and no pledge of service is required. The term "domestic work" is interpreted very widely, and includes training for midwifery, and a limited number of professional posts such as institutional housekeeping. When for any reason the trainee does not obtain a post, the work is not lost.

A woman who has learned to handle foodstuffs, to make her own clothes, to understand infant care, to undertake invalid cookery of the more elementary kind, is permanently enriched, and the advantages will be felt by the community as a whole, no matter what the sphere of work in which that woman may ultimately earn her living.

THE WHITE FEATHER BRIGADE

ELEVEN years ago this month, when the black clouds of war settled over this country, our women were splendid. Will they again rise to the occasion and demand peace and redress?

by BRIG.-GEN. F. P. CROZIER, D.S.O.

IT was generally understood in 1914 that the dependants of the men who would not come back would be *well* looked after by the State acting as trustee. When I say *well* looked after I mean that it was intended that the dependants should not be *worse* off through having suffered loss of husband, son or brother, when a breadwinner, supporter or prospective helper in the struggle of life.

Taking it on the whole the dependants of the fallen have acquired more in many cases than have the war wounded. But things are not good by any means. The spirit of the pledge has not been kept. Many widows and mothers are worse off than they would have been had their man not been killed, or died of disease or wounds.

Gaps in the home

The case of the widowed mother of two subaltern sons who were both killed is not typical, as her sad loss was above the average, but is useful for the sake of illustration. The mother is worse off than she would have been had her boys lived to come back to her.

Apart altogether from her grief and loneliness that now exists, these two boys were "coming on." They had received good educations at a public school, with great struggle and sacrifice on the part of the mother. When the war broke out they were actually helping to support the home. The lady is now worse off than she was in 1914.

These facts speak for themselves. To take another case it is necessary to turn to the elderly widow of a non-commissioned officer who was killed in action. I met her not long ago. She was full of joy because she had been admitted to an institution where she hoped to live for the rest of her life without having to endure the constant worry of trying to exist.

I asked her to tell me all about it. The story was a very short and simple one. She was thrifty and steady, but could not manage on her pension, so did odd jobs, but approaching age was troubling her and making her anxious. *Through influence* she managed to get into a charitable establishment. She allocates her pension to the institution and hopes to live in comparative comfort hereafter.

I want you particularly to notice the words *through influence*. Why should influence come into this matter at all? These affairs are affairs of State and if the wish of the people is not being interpreted in the proper manner it is the duty of the people to see that reforms are carried out.

Brig.-Gen. F. P. Crozier, D.S.O.

There are countless cases such as I have referred to, but there is no need to cite more of them. Sufficient to say that it is the duty of the women of this country to band themselves together in order that their less fortunate sisters may receive redress where such is due.

There is, however, a larger and even more serious question which calls for attention on the part of the women of this country. I refer to the effort which is being made to bring about a desire for peace throughout the world. We must begin at home. We must see that our own house is in order before we throw stones at others.

The influence which the women of our country can bring to bear in order to ensure lasting peace is incalculable. In this country, during the war days had they wished, the women could have prevented conscription as the Australian women did. Instead of which we found young flappers who were doing nothing to win the war giving white feathers to men who were unable or unfit to go.

Those who have worked in hospitals need no reminding of the cruelty of war. Every woman can at some time of each day see a reminder of war in the form of a cripple, a broken street vendor or a St. Dunstan's man.

Woman's duty to the future

If the women of 1925 will show as good a lead to prevent war in the future as did their sisters in 1914 and onwards to prevent our destruction at the hands of a relentless enemy who attacked our country without provocation, posterity will record their deed in letters of gold on an equality with the women of war memory. The women of all ages can achieve this object by joining the redress and peace movement and writing to me at the office of JOHN BULL to record their names.

Having joined and having persuaded others to join is not sufficient, however. Organisation and hard work are required in order that the Patriotic Peace sense may be developed on sound, healthy lines, and that our statesmen and politicians may be forced to study our interests in the desired direction.

The women of this land, if they reflect for a minute, must shudder when they realise that by neglecting to make their power felt in the direction of Patriotic Peace they are stoking up a worse time for their posterity than was experienced in the days of the Great War and after it.

The Promised Land

Ex-soldiers Wander in the Wilderness

by MAJOR A. LIVINGSTONE OKE

AS I write on the top of a hill in the West Country, I can see hundreds of acres of this England of ours, this "heritage" of a few landowners. Of all those hundreds of acres only a field here and there is cultivated.

In the town as I came through, a queue of men and women was lined up near the Labour Exchange. On my way I passed a field that, two or three years ago, was laid out in allotments and producing all kinds of vegetables and was a happy "playground" for the men who to-day are in the Labour Exchange queue.

That same field to-day is a mass of rank weeds, and its only "crop" a large board (the worse for wear) offering "Valuable Building Sites" for sale. Meantime, the land produces no crops and its owner pays no rates. Why?

IF the owner won't work it himself others should be allowed to do so. Better to give this land to a man "on the dole" to cultivate, allowing him time to bring it to production, and then halving or otherwise reducing the dole, rather than the present arrangement, which is sheer economic waste, waste of labour and waste of land.

Wealth is only created by the manipulation of raw material in some way to enhance its value. Land is England's "raw material" as much as coal or iron-ore.

In Shropshire by producing arable crops—not pasturing—land has been made to give three times as much fodder for cattle, at the same price, as if they were fed on grass.

ALONG, long time ago, the country rang with the party cry "Three acres and a cow." If our unemployed ex-soldiers could get as much now, each for himself, of the land that he fought for, is it conceivable that they would prefer the dole?

These men who stalked out into the rank grass and barbed wire of "No Man's Land" so calmly, would jump at the chance to own even so little of this "Land for heroes." Better to work hard and live hard on your own bit of England and keep your self-respect, than to stand week after week in a queue for a dole that other men's labour must provide.

In England, small farms of a size suitable for a one-man proposition are almost unobtainable for love or money, because the farmers see easier money in *many* acres grazing a *few* cattle than employing more men to work the land, to its maximum economic output.

It is better for them, individually, but it is a tremendous national loss—loss of output and loss by payment of unemployment benefit.

Imagine our million unemployed becoming a million "peasant-proprietors" with three million acres to help to maintain them.

Keep our emigrants at home and "colonise" our own land, should be the cry of any sane political party in the country to-day.

BUT the law of this country has been made by "land-owners" to protect land as the exclusive property of the upper and middle classes and only drastic revisions and, if necessary, the right of appropriation will allow of it being utilised for the benefit of the many rather than as the perquisite of a privileged few.

I saved my own hair

You Can Permanently Wave Yours Too.

This young lady, Miss M. K. S——, is one of a great number who have profited by the generosity of the eminent Parisian Hair Specialist, Monsieur Antoine Fabre. Nothing short of a sensation has been caused by the recent offer to reveal to ladies themselves this much-sought natural hair-waving secret, so closely guarded for many years. It is found to be simplicity itself and quite permanent in results. M. Fabre will tell you how it is done if you will write in confidence to the address below.

Waves that won't wash out.

The Fabre Method imparts to the hair the same waves that Nature gives to the lucky few. Whether your hair is Bobbed, Shingled, Bingled, or long, you can have beautiful, generous, long or close waves, just where you want them. You can always look your very best in future, at the office, at home, at the theatre, at dances or out in the open air by the sea. No longer will you have cause to envy either the girl with natural wavy hair or those who can afford to spend guineas every few weeks in the West End or in the Parlours of the Parisian Hair Specialists. How wonderful it is—Monsieur Antoine Fabre.

Famous Parisian Secret Method Revealed

at last! Write to-day and learn how to acquire glorious natural permanent waves and how to bring out the lustre and previously hidden beauties of your hair. It is marvellous the transformation wrought so easily and so simply by the Fabre method. Pretty faces and plain faces both acquire piquancy, character and distinction—and with it come Confidence in Self, Charm and Happiness.

'thank you Monsieur Fabre'

One young lady writes:—"I find I am really good-looking, and others seem to have suddenly discovered it too—thank you! thank you, Monsieur Fabre!"

Real Permanent Waves.

By the Fabre method you do not "crimp" or "curl" the hair, but without the use of electricity or hot irons make it naturally wavy. The secret is yours for the asking. Think, how glorious! It will mean money saved, no wasted hours at the Hairdresser's, and your true beauty and charm developed to the full—always and at all times you will look *your very best*. Moreover,

The Hair Benefits Enormously.

Write in confidence to the address below, giving your title, if you have one, or state Mrs., or Miss, and Monsieur Fabre will tell you privately how simply and easily this priceless transformation can be wrought by yourself at your own dressing table in your own home.

Send no Money.

You have only to ask, but you must write to-day, for ladies in all parts of the world are craving for this secret and he is almost overwhelmed with letters. Write to-day!

MONS. ANTOINE FABRE

Dept. Ra. 92, Finsbury St., London, E.C.2

SUMMER COLDS

A Simple, Safe, Inexpensive Method that clears the Head Nose and Throat.

FOUR CIGARETTES SENT FREE.

Summer colds hang about, and are even more difficult to get rid of than a winter cold. Many develop into chronic nasal catarrh. That inflamed condition of the mucous membranes of the air passages of the head, nose and throat may spread to the point where it is incurable, and a danger to life.

Dr. Blosser's Cigarettes are composed of medicinal herbs, flowers and berries. The warm smoke vapour is inhaled into the affected air passages, and will go to where sprays, douches and salves cannot reach. They contain no tobacco or cubebs, and being harmless, are used by women and children as well as men. If you suffer from any catarrhal trouble, plain nasal catarrh, hay fever, asthma, catarrhal deafness, or are subject to frequent colds, get from any chemist's a convenient pocket-size package of Dr. Blosser's Cigarettes, and prove for yourself their pleasant beneficial effects.

Should you like to try a sample of the Remedy, a package containing four cigarettes will be sent to you quite free, if you will send your request to—**Dr. Blosser, Ltd.** (Dept. 121 S.C.), **Temple Chambers, Temple Avenue, London, E.C.4.**

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TWO POSITION NURSERY CHAIR

A thoroughly reliable Two Position Nursery Chair, constructed with an eye to economy, the parts being of rounded timber without decorative turning. Polished Birch. **19/6** Cash Price

Easy terms: 3/- deposit, and 3/3 per month for 6 months.

Write for particulars of other designs and catalogue of other bargains, i.e., Vesta Urlo, Folding Cots, Prams, Sewing Machines, etc., etc.

Irish Orders, 5/- extra. Money refunded if not satisfied.

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100,000 Rugs
GIVEN AWAY.

This Phenomenal Offer is made to the readers of "John Bull," 15/8/25. On receipt of Postal Order for 12/6 we will forward direct from our Looms to your address one of our "Prudential" Remnants

Real Seamless Woven
Guaranteed Genuine Bargains

Carriage 1/- extra.

Suitable for Drawing-room, Dining-room, Bedroom, etc., handsomely bordered in thirty Turkey patterns and fashionable self shades of Crimson, Green, Blue and Art Colourings, to suit all requirements and large enough to cover any ordinary sized room

CARPETS

12/6

These Carpets with FREE RUGS will be sent out as sample Carpets, showing you the identical quality we supply. They are made of material equal to wool, and being a speciality of our own, are only to be obtained direct from our Looms, thus saving the purchaser all middle profits. Over 600,000 sold during the past 12 months. Money willingly refunded if not approved. Thousands of Repeat Orders and Unsolicited Testimonials received. With every carpet we shall absolutely give away a very handsome rug to match. Gigantic Illustrated Bargain Catalogue of Carpets, Hearthrugs, Linoleums, Bedding, Rolls Linen Curtains, etc., post free, mentioning "John Bull," 15/8/25, when writing. Established over Half a Century.

F. HODGSON & SONS Dept. J.B., Woodhay Rd City of Leeds.

Human Documents

An Old Man's Plaything

A Medical Monster—Does Honesty Pay?—Love Laughs at Parents

PROBLEMS that may be yours are dealt with by "Humanist." In every case the name and address of the writer are suppressed so that the authors may not be identified. In cases that are too intimate or are not of sufficient interest to be helpful to others, correspondents must send stamped addressed envelopes if they wish to be answered through the post. Ten shillings is sent to each of the writers of the first four letters printed.

"AT the age of nineteen and a half, I have been married five months, but it feels like five years, for during that time I have lived in a hell upon earth. I never imagined that life could become such a burden in so short a time. My husband is forty-one. I thought a man of that age would be kind and gentle to a girl so much younger than himself. 'Better an old man's darling than a young man's slave,' I said to myself.

"He has made me his slave, and I have never heard a word of endearment from him since the day we were married.

"I soon found out that he had a fiendish temper, which he kept concealed during our courtship, and the brutality I have suffered at his hands is made worse by his insensate jealousy.

"If I go out shopping alone or call on my mother without him he says I am gadding about with young fellows. Heaven knows he has no cause to say such things.

"I HAVE tried to do my duty as a wife in my inexperienced fashion, and have taken no notice of his cruelty and insults in the hope that he would realise the injustice of such charges, but the only result of not answering back has been harder blows and worse curses.

"I have discovered that he formerly led a very fast life. The people who urged me to marry him seem to have thought I could reform him, but they were mistaken, as I was. The knowledge that though I submitted to every kind of indignity he could not keep faithful to me has proved the last straw. I feel prematurely aged and broken-hearted, and a week ago I left him and went back to my mother.

"THE question now is, should I divorce him? It seems like giving him his freedom when I have every claim upon him. He married me to make me a slave and a plaything, and I feel he should pay for me. I promise I will take your advice this time and not make a fool of myself again."

"Humanist" says: *Consider yourself and your future. You are still too young to set aside all hopes of happy marriage. If you have clear evidence of your husband's misconduct, divorce him and ask for alimony. If not, apply for a separation order with maintenance which will not preclude subsequent divorce proceedings.*

"MY husband is a confirmed invalid, and I am writing to ask your advice regarding the shameful treatment we have received from a former assistant to his panel doctor.

Duped by a Doctor

"This man, whom I knew only slightly, called with his wife. I made tea, and they told us a pitiful story of the difficulties they were in since he lost his last appointment. Apparently they owed their landlady for rent, and they were at their wits' end to know where to borrow £10.

"We are very poor, but I managed to borrow £2 to lend them. The wife was sent away, but after she had gone the doctor returned in a terrible state of mind and told us that the landlady had turned him out and kept all his things.

"He seemed quite desperate, and said he had often looked at suicides and wondered what could have driven them to such an end, but now he understood.

"In the end he had worked on our feelings so much that we offered to put him up, though there are five of us existing on the dole, 4s. 6d. weekly which my boy earns, and what I can make myself by odd work. Still, we thought it was our duty to give a helping hand.

"The doctor stayed with us for eleven weeks, during which time we found him in cigarettes and stamps, and did all his washing, believing he would pay us.

"In the meantime his wife had taken a situation as a lady's companion, and she sent £1 a week to their former landlady until the debt was paid. As soon as he got his clothes and things he left us and went away to act as temporary assistant to a doctor in the Midlands, promising we should hear from him soon.

"After six weeks we received a post-card saying they had both gone away and left no address.

"What can I do in such a matter? This doctor knows how poor we are, and how I struggled to help him. Insurance premiums which I have paid for years are now in arrears, and, worst of all, I have not been able to repay the £2 I borrowed to lend to him."

"Humanist" says: *Such behaviour on the part of a doctor is happily rare, and anyone capable of it is not deserving the slightest consideration. You should report the matter to the General Medical Council, 44, Hallam Street, W.1, who can take disciplinary measures against a member of an honourable profession who has been guilty of such scandalous and disreputable conduct.*

"MY problem arises from letting heart run away with head. A few years ago I returned from abroad to find my mother failing mentally—senile decay at seventy. Having a little money, and vague hopes of making lots more, I signed a surety bond for the fees and so got her into an institution where, whenever I visit her, I find her enjoying as much peace of mind as her conditions and sympathetic treatment render possible.

A Light in the Twilight

"For four years I have managed to pay the fees, but bad luck—or bad judgment—has brought me to a level where I cannot pay a quarter's fees now due. Can you tell me what I should do?

"I require only temporary help—a few pounds will kill this worry—for I feel confident I shall 'strike' something soon. It seems hard that the poor old lady should be dragged away from a place she has learnt to love in her lucid moments, but as far as I can see there is nothing I can do but use what little money I have to remove her to a pauper asylum.

"The problem may not seem great to you, but it concerns *my mother*—and that makes all the difference to me."

"Humanist" says: *The problem of a mother should seem great in the eyes of every man born of woman, but no one can do more for her than is within his means. If your prospects are as hopeful as you suggest, you should be able to make arrangements with the institution. If not, the only course possible is that which has to be taken in thousands of other cases from the beginning.*

"TWENTY years ago, when I was quite a small boy, without friends or home, cast adrift in New York, I was picked up on the street by a lady who fed and clothed me. I soon learned that there was a selfish object in her seeming charity. I had fallen into the hands of a woman crook who gave me a liberal education in crime.

A Crook's Crisis

"By the time I was twenty-one I was a leading member of one of the most successful gangs of burglars in America.

"Then came the war. Love of excitement and desire for change sent me to Canada, where I enlisted. I came through several battles in France unscathed, and after the Armistice remained in England.

"I soon settled down to the old game again. I found it so easy in your country, with no armed police or residents, and I got plenty of money with but little risk. Then something happened which made me feel sick of my means of living.

"My heart was set thumping by the pitiable terror of an old lady whom I had disturbed. A small thing, perhaps, but it set me thinking, and I determined to try to run straight.

"For months I have looked for work and found none. I have no trade, no references, nothing but the will to tackle anything that is offered. I can see nothing but starvation ahead unless I revert to crime. What can I do?"

"Humanist" says: *This is your crisis. Hold fast to your recently acquired virtue, and consult the Salvation Army, an international organisation which will not only help you, but help you to show other crooks how to run straight.*

A Painful Duty

"I am acquainted with a young couple who though they are unaware of it are half-brother and sister. I have just heard that they are contemplating marriage. No one but myself knows of the relationship. Should I tell them?"

"Humanist" says:—*Though the revelation may cause them a good deal of pain, I think it is certainly your duty to acquaint them with the relationship and prevent a marriage which might have such terrible consequences.*

His Mother's Voice

"When we were first married my husband's mother behaved very unkindly to us, and he has never seen her or written to her since. I have heard that she is now seriously ill and keeps calling for him, but he refuses to go to her. How can I persuade him?"

"Humanist" says:—*Ask him how he would feel if a son of his refused him forgiveness in such circumstances. If people would only try to look at matters from the other side, they would often see differently. He may have little time to forgive but many years to regret.*

Parental Interference

"For five years I have courted a young woman, and we are deeply attached to each other. Her parents now object to our engagement as I am only a working man, and they wish her to look higher for a husband. She wants us to have clandestine meetings until we are in a position to marry. Please advise me.

"Humanist" says:—*You are to be congratulated upon having a girl who shows such constancy. If her parents' only objection is what you say, you should ignore their interference and continue your courtship, but there is no reason why you should have clandestine meetings. Let your courtship be open.*

REALLY HIGH-GRADE BESPOKE TAILORING

STEPHEN DONOGHUE
(The World Famous Jockey)
Dressed by Barry.
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Despite the phenomenally low prices at which Barry tailoring is sold, you ensure that your garments will be separately cut and tailored for you to your specific and individual instructions. Your special desires as regards pockets, stitching, finish, style of lapels, etc., etc., are faithfully observed by our cutters and tailors. This is a special unique feature of our business. As much care is paid to your individual order as though you went to the highest-grade Bond Street house for your needs. We undertake to refund the full purchase price plus 2s. 6d. extra by way of indemnity if we fail. Where'er you reside by this pledge we abide.

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40/- 45/- 50/-

We quote the prices of three of the Barry grades—there is only 5/- difference between each price—but each 5/- increase represents £1 more in real value. Even the suit at £2 to measure has been valued by thousands of our delighted clients at more than double the price charged.

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Learn in a few seconds how simply—and without risk of mistake—you may measure yourself with an accuracy rivalling that of a qualified tailor. The responsibility of your satisfaction rests entirely with us.

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IN NAVY BLUE OR FAWN

Save money by seizing this unique 7 days opportunity of securing one of these excellent and reliable coats at this specially reduced price. For every climatic condition this coat is indispensable. In wind, rain, storm and shine it is equally useful. On warm, drizzling days the Barrico is likewise the ideal coat, for in five seconds you unbutton the detachable wool lining and the coat instantly becomes the perfect light-weight gabardine rain-coat you desire on such occasions. PERFECTLY HYGIENIC AND ODOURLESS. There is no rubber solution in the Barrico. Its protective element is the famous Novark Oilskin interlining which lines the coat from edge to edge and right through the sleeves. You will need a Barrico, if not to-day, then to-morrow, or the next day—why not secure it at once at this special bargain price?

Post us your remittance for 32/6 for this wonderful Coat, giving us your height and size round chest over waistcoat, stating whether BLUE OR FAWN SHADE IS PREFERRED.

If you do not consider the garment the greatest bargain you have ever seen, return it at once, when your cash shall be refunded in full, plus 1/- extra as indemnity, and this without demur.

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Why does common sense suggest Wrigley's after every meal?

Because ——

Wrigley's cleans the teeth and aids digestion

Wrigley's is delightful at any time but after meals it's *useful* as well.

It does for the teeth what nothing else can do. It cleans out all the little particles of food that lodge in the crevices and remain underneath the edge of the gums. It prevents decay by dislodging all these bits of waste and flushing them away. Also by applying under pressure a powerful antiseptic (the delicious essence with which the sweet itself is flavoured).

Then Wrigley's does another thing equally beneficial to health.

It promotes the natural processes of digestion by stimulating the flow of digestive juices. It does this so successfully that it counteracts all unpleasant symptoms of indigestion.

Use Wrigley's after your own meals and make sure that the children use it after theirs.

Use it because it saves your teeth, gives your mouth a clean taste, and makes you feel fit.

Use it because you like it, but use it regularly so it can do you the most good. Try it for a month and see the results.

WRIGLEY'S

After every meal

P.K.—1d.

W.222

WHY ARE GIRLS ANÆMIC?

How is it that anæmia is so common among girls? One reason is that girls often lead sedentary lives; they do not get enough outdoor exercise, their appetite becomes fickle; they grow languid, listless, complain of headaches, and get pale and depressed. All these are signs of anæmia, and no time should be lost in enriching the blood. Dr. Williams' pink pills make rich, red blood, and soon transform pale, anæmic girls into strong, robust women.

Mrs. C. Kehoe, of 12, Leta Street, Birkenhead, says: "When sixteen years of age, I was attacked by anæmia. I lost all my colour and grew very languid. My appetite deserted me; I felt miserable and depressed.

"At last a friend advised Dr. Williams' pink pills, and after finishing the first box I felt an improvement; this encouraged me to go on with the pills. Soon my appetite picked up, and I felt much brighter. I slept better, and work did not fatigue me. Then my colour came back, and before long I was like a new woman, fit and well."

So start Dr. Williams' pink pills now. Of all chemists, 3s. 0d. a box.

FREE. No girl should miss reading the booklet, "Nature's Warnings," sent free to all who write to F.B. Dept., 36, Fitzroy Square, London, W. 1.

Kiwi Boot Polish

The Quality Boot Polish.

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Still Going Strong

As an old reader of JOHN BULL I am glad to think it is still going strong. It has often saved my friends and I from parting with money for worthless goods, etc., in addition to the help it has been to all classes of people. I lose no opportunity of bringing it to the notice of non-readers as I am convinced it is a great power for good, and should soon reach the million.—*Constant Reader, Widnes.*

The Team that Counts

Congratulations on your reaching the thousandth number with JOHN BULL. I have read your paper for some considerable time now, and it is a real treat to read articles from such men like A. G. G., who is truly one of the greatest of independent journalists living, and who has always been clean and straightforward in his attacks. With men like him and "A Gentleman with a Duster" and Philip Inman in your team, there is nothing to stop you from scoring the million.—*H. M., Dartford.*

A Household Necessity

The sooner you reach the million mark the better it will please your readers, for JOHN BULL is in reality a household necessity. I fail to see how you can greatly improve upon the present issue, for it is packed from cover to cover with sound, helpful and instructive reading. If your articles were more carefully read and digested there would be fewer cases of fraudulent dealings, girls missing, etc. The Free Insurance Gift has also proved a boon and a blessing to many hundreds of readers.—(*Mrs.*) *B. T., Oldham.*

Reaching the Landmark

May I take this opportunity of congratulating you on the splendid contents of your "Landmark" number. It is certainly, in itself, a real achievement, but I should like to make special mention of the appreciative article by "A. G. G." (my favourite journalist) and the appealing article by "Woodbine Willie," which I frankly confess I was unable to read aloud to the family without an occasional gulp. Keep on going on as you are now, especially in the cause of Peace, and Redress for Ex-Service men, and you will have the best wishes of many behind you. —*S. J. C., Ilfracombe.*

A Meal for the Mind

The public, indeed, owes a debt of gratitude to the new JOHN BULL. It is an education in itself. The exposures and warnings given therein in these days of "twistery," are worth far more than can yet tell. The various subjects written on helps one to keep up to the times. Guaranteed adverts., and fair competitions are factors that are creditable. It is the "Guardian of the People." It is a pity that the same remarks do not apply to many other periodicals. May I humbly say that on many occasions (when unemployed) my last two pence which might have gone towards a meal has been spent on JOHN BULL.—*C. W., Lytham.*

Of Public Service

Sick of the lies and garbage of the daily Press, it is with relief that we turn to the unbiased criticism and clear statement of fact which have insured JOHN BULL of a remarkable circulation. We may differ from views expressed in your columns, and indeed often do, but always we feel secure that no ulterior motive prompts those expressions of opinion. We like your Candid Communications and fearless denunciation of evil in high places. Long may JOHN BULL continue in its life of public service! "*Well Wisher,*" *I.O.W.*

The Family Bible

Congratulations upon reaching one thousand and upon the thousandth issue itself, which is excellent. "A Pageant of Truth" (by "Woodbine Willie") is the finest article I have ever read. Could he have said this for us in any other paper except JOHN BULL? I fear not. Good luck to you. You can rely upon my best efforts to get you to the million figure. Six people in my house alone look forward to Wednesdays.—*D. M., Hunstanton.*

The Alarm Clock

Mr. Gardiner's frank opinion of the excellence of JOHN BULL as an independent and outspoken weekly paper with world-wide sympathies, will find an echo in the hearts of thousands of its readers. I find that I invariably rise a little earlier on Wednesday mornings just to glance over the headlines of the articles before rushing off to work.—*D. T. A. W., Port Talbot.*

Flowers from the Bouquets

In these days of political humbug and Press combines, it is, indeed, satisfactory that there is at least one paper that presents facts in plain, unvarnished truth.—*C. E. P., Balham.*

JOHN BULL is the lighthouse in the literary world standing for truth, right, freedom and justice. May its sales increase for the sake of mankind.—*A. B., Linthwaite.*

It is difficult to find an unbiased journal. To expose hypocrites, crooks and rogues is good, but to give guidance in all that uplifts in life, is better.—*F. W. S., Barnstaple.*

As a regular reader for a number of years, I find that the tone has excelled week by week, until I doubt whether it is possible to better your birthday edition. Your work and endeavours on behalf of the working class have endeared you to all as the "poor man's friend."—*J. P., Southsea.*

Congratulations on the production of your thousandth number, and to the band of brilliant contributors who have helped to build a journal so virulent and fearless. JOHN BULL is literally the working man's bible.—*S. W. B., Epsom.*

Printers' Pie

(Half-a-crown is paid to the sender of every item published. Mark envelopes "Pie.")

"GLASGOW EVENING NEWS":—"Long before that hour hundreds were WALKING BY foot, 'BUS AND private MOTORS."

"NOTTINGHAM GUARDIAN":—"The members of the League on SATURDAY NIGHT spent an instructive AFTERNOON at Basford gasworks."

"WINDSOR & ETON EXPRESS":—"BOTH FRONT WHEELS, the front forks and the saddle of the CYCLE were broken."

"YARMOUTH MERCURY":—"On SATURDAYS ONLY, commencing SUNDAY, July 19, a steam rail car service will run between Lowestoft and Yarmouth."

"MARYLEBONE MERCURY":—"Miss Stokes is 15 YEARS of age, and has been 15 YEARS with the Council."

"SOUTH WALES ECHO":—"He had forced him back, but Parsons insisted, got up and caught him BY THE FLOOR."

Cradles and Wages

It's not so much a subsidy for the cradle that is needed, as the total abolition of that article for a year or two. France has long since ceased the manufacture of cradles, and the result over there is a living wage for all.—*Bachelor, Dundee.*

Knocking at Neville

Mr. Bridgeman and the Admiralty deserve congratulation for one thing. They have given the other Ministers a lesson on "How To Get Your Own Way." Now what about the Minister of Health threatening to resign unless 500,000 houses are built within the next twelve months; and the Minister of Labour using the same threat, unless the unemployment figures are reduced by one million in one year?—"*Arran,*" *Hammersmith.*

Joint Stock Company

It is really amazing that people will entrust their savings to dud companies when there are plenty of opportunities of investment in reputable concerns which publish their prospectuses in the daily Press. They are compelled to give in the prospectus all information which would influence the investor in coming to a decision. The public should certainly avoid dealings with any concern incorporated abroad.—*L. J., Bridgend.*

Protect the Innocent

What with the ofttimes misplaced zeal of the police, and the fact that the law is what it is, no woman—or even a man—is safe from the charge of the most disgraceful of offences. Surely it were better that a score of guilty women go free than an innocent girl be charged with an odious offence, and stigmatised with arrest. When we think that one's wife, daughter, sister, or sweetheart, must risk this disgrace every day, we must all feel indebted to Lady Astor for her efforts to get the law amended.—*H. S., Oldham.*

Mental Restoratives

The beautiful life-stories related by Mr. Philip Inman were never more needed than at the present time when almost every paper published is revelling in all that is bad and revolting. Lives of the great and good are ignored nowadays, and that of the crook and forger set forth with minute details of "clever" methods, as if they were heroes and a worthy example to the young. Sunshine Ward—long may it continue—restores one's faith in heaven and human goodness.—*H. M., Aberdeen.*

Wasted on Women!

Women fought very hard to get the vote, but how many of them take advantage of it now that they have it? The majority of women in working-class neighbourhoods look upon politics as something inexplicable, and when polling day comes there is no real reason at the back of their voting. I witnessed a small Conservative meeting in a little country town the other day, and although men and women voters were urged to attend, not one woman turned up!—*Mrs. F., Hythe.*

Tots for Toddlers

Some of the popular patent medicines which fond mothers use to soothe cross and irritable babies contain from 5 to 10 per cent. of alcohol. No wonder the little darlings smack their lips and gurgle with satisfaction when their pains and worries disappear as if by magic! Old-fashioned grandmothers who are laughed at when they prescribe a spoonful of well-diluted brandy or whisky as a remedy for baby's troubles can now afford to smile wisely when the modern mother buys baby's dope from the chemist.—*J. M., Wexford.*

"The Major."

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SUPREME in the excellence of their well designed and unique packing Army Club cigarettes are peerless in the perfection of the carefully selected and matured American Tobaccos solely used in their manufacture. Leaf tobaccos—so good—so pure—so inviting—that one is loath to waste so much as an end.

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Gibbs have evolved a shaving cream with entirely new principles. Gibbs—the British house with 213 years' experience—have for long studied the needs of shavers.
In Gibbs Shaving Cream—the cream of shaves—the lather gives weight and volume as opposed to the volume only—due to air bubbles—that most lathers give.
The weight of Gibbs super-lather is 22½ times that of the actual cream used. This is because of the water it absorbs and holds against the beard, which it softens, so that the razor works easily and smoothly.
Then there is the delightful cold cream content to cool and soothe the skin, putting the final O.K. to the very "cream of shaves."

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Long-Priced Nursery Winners

Two-Year-Olds Picked by Donoghue—Unlucky Purple Shade—Another Stayer from France—The Professional Backer—Place Betting with Five Runners

IN a few weeks' time we shall be in the thick of the Nursery season. Don't forget that at Shrewton they train a big string of French-bred two-year-olds, and as these animals have been treated after the French fashion they have no form as yet, because they are being allowed to develop slowly. They cannot therefore be overburdened in the Juvenile handicaps and I shall be greatly surprised if Donoghue, who picked most of these juveniles, does not score on several of them when the nurseries start. Watch any two-year-olds coming from that quarter if you want to be on long-priced nursery winners.

Follow Purple Shade

You can enter Purple Shade in your note-book as certain to win a good handicap before the end of the season. On the eve of Goodwood I heard that the connections of the four-year-old regarded him as a certainty, barring accidents. The accident turned up. Purple Shade was drawn number two, almost the worst position in the field and equal to a seven pounds penalty. In view of the fact that he carried 8 st. 10 lb. he performed a miracle in running into third place. So far this season he has two seconds and two thirds to his credit in his four races. In his only outing last year Purple Shade met the champion sprinter, Scherzo, at level weights and lost him.

A Very Doubtful Runner

It was mentioned in one or two sporting papers that Top o' th' League was a doubtful runner for several engagements. As the four-year-old dropped dead when contesting the Sutton Selling Handicap at Birmingham, the news did not surprise me.

The Derby Runners

Following the Epsom Derby I suggested that it would pay to follow the horses which took part in the big race, inasmuch as they would all be fighting fit. The result has not panned out badly. In June and July, Solario, Zionist, Warminster, Roidore, Dalmagarry, Pons Asinorum, Sunderland, and My Crackers won ten races between them. The Epsom field was a large one, but a number of the competitors have not run since the Classic. Dalmagarry won at 8 to 1 and Roidore and Pons Asinorum at sevens.

"Fly-by-night" Bookies

In a recent article which dealt with the activities of certain undesirable Turf practitioners there appeared the name of Mr. Frank Mills. His name was included among others who had committed breaches of the Football Betting Acts, but in his case the offence was only a technical one. There was no suggestion intended in the article that he does not carry on a legitimate business and meet his obligations, and we are sorry if Mr. Mills or his clients should have read our article in a wrong light.

Another Stayer from France

Now that French horses trained in this country are winning because of better stamina, it may be well to note Tonton, a new arrival. Though born and raced in France until a few days ago, this four-year-old is a son of Prince Palatine, so is only coming back to the scenes of his sire's triumph. Tonton's racing career in France was not brilliant, though he did win six races, but I know he is thought to be a good, game horse.

A Smack in the Eye

It is not always wise to believe all that is said about racing in this country from foreign sources, but I am afraid we must plead guilty to the charge levelled against us by the French racing authorities who have just published a report in which they say that Britain provides the worst accommodation in the world for racegoers, besides being the most expensive. It is a reproach we ought not to labour under if the matter were taken in hand by the Jockey Club. They should insist on a minimum standard of comfort on all racecourses instead of leaving it to local executives to impose intolerable conditions on patrons of racing.

Tom Pinch, Hurdler

The handsome-looking bogey, Tom Pinch, finished absolutely last in the Stewards' Cup. Prior to the race I mentioned that if he belonged to me I should sell him, or failing this, hand him over to an executioner. I see that he has been sent to Robert Gore, at Findon, presumably for a course of hurdling. We may see the brute endeavouring to win a Grand National!

Lord Woolavington, owner of Tom Pinch

One from Sunny Spain

Spanish races are not very valuable as regards prize-money. I paid particular attention at Sandown Park to a horse named Siktir, as I knew he had come from the land of King Alfonso. Siktir is one of Epinard's half-brothers, and he has won a number of races in Spain—to be exact, one short of a dozen—but not much money. His eleven victories have netted only £400. I am afraid Siktir will never be as famous as the French champion. He finished last in the race won by First Magic.

MY DAILY NAPS

Wednesday	MELIBEUS
Thursday	MERMAID
Friday	DUMAS
Saturday	ORIEL

HORSES TO FOLLOW

TAXING MASTER.—I thought this relation of Ugly Duckling was very unlucky to lose the Lubbock Sprint Handicap at Sandown. He was one of the chief sufferers in a bad start but only just failed to catch Rowlean. He is going to win a number of races for the cute little stable over which Hugh Powney presides.

BOGNOR.—Mr. Solly Joel's two-year-old was another animal to meet with bad luck at Sandown. He made amends at Lewes. Earl, the trainer, is in wonderful form just now, so I should continue to follow Bognor.

DUNKIRK.—Donoghue rode this selling plater at Brighton. Steve is not his old self just yet or the golding would have been close on the heels of Scaliger. Dunkirk is going to win at a nice price before long.

THISTABEL.—My black-lettered and code selection for the Municipal Handicap Plate at A.P., won in a canter by three lengths at 7 to 2. I wrote a special paragraph about this golding after the last Alexandra Park Meeting. I hope readers were on.

The Sporting Life and Sportsman
THE RACING MAN'S PAPER.
2d. DAILY.

The Professional Backer

"The professional backer is a man whom we hear a great deal about but seldom see." I am not responsible for this definition. It is an extract from my mail bag, sent to me by a punter who wants to know how the mysterious plunger beats the book.

Not Much Mystery

Really, there is not much mystery about the professional backer. He does not make thousands—only bookmakers leave fortunes—but by the use of his brains he secures a living. First of all, he is a business man who knows his job. As a regular racegoer he picks up a certain amount of useful information in the paddocks—he is intimate with most of the men who matter, and can discriminate if their lead is worth following. And he selects his races.

The Good Thing in a Small Field

He leaves the Royal Hunt Cups and the Cambridgeshires, with their huge fields, to the mug punters, and is always on the look out for the good horse in a race with five, six, or seven runners. The price may be 5 to 2—often it is 5 to 4—but that does not matter. Small fish are sweet and they pay in the long run.

DOES ANYBODY KNOW?

The Bookies lost at Lincoln,
At Liverpool they lost;
They only went to Epsom
At a terrific cost.

The Derby hit them badly,
And bitter were their groans;
They came away from Ascot
With curdings and with moans.

At Goodwood and at Brighton
They lost, and told us so;
But what I want to know is
Where *does* the money go?

Place Betting with Five Runners

It is not my province to recommend bookmakers to readers, but it may be well to draw attention to the fact that some layers now allow place betting 1-3 with only five runners. If you go in for each way staking it is worth while finding a layer who makes this concession.

Thirty Wins for Ninety Guineas

It is not often that a horse wins twice in one day, but no doubt one or two readers noticed that Gondolier performed this feat recently at the Jersey races. Gondolier is owned by the well-known penciller, "Billy" Allden, and is generally the mount of his son, Percy. Young Allden had the leg up at Jersey on both occasions, besides winning three other races on the same afternoon. Gondolier is now a ten-year-old. He has won over thirty races since "Billy" Allden paid 90 guineas for him in 1920.

"SILVER RING."

Two coded selections will be given daily in the following papers:—

Sporting Life and Sportsman, Sporting Chronicle, Sporting Pink, Western Mail, Glasgow Sporting Record, Irish Independent, Sporting Man, The Sheffield Mail.

A Y K W I G O F M T C N D S

H 2 E J X V 3 U L R P Z Q D

How to read the code: In place of the letters or figures advertised in the daily papers read those above or below the line, as the case may be.

V T H Z S W 3 2 would read GRAND JOY.

This code will be changed in next week's JOHN BULL. It covers the racing from August 12 to August 18.

J. McLauchlan
11, Duke Street, Edinburgh

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EVERY LETTER ANSWERED

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Any to Come or Cross Bets.
All Systematic Commissions for 1st Favourites. "Sporting Chronicle" returns will rule the settling.
You are on if Postmarked before Race.

You can receive your winnings on the day of the race, wired to you at my expense by request, if you win over £5.
CARTAN BOOK ON APPLICATION.
All Monies Returned First Post after Result.
Business people can open Credit Accounts without references.
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Prospective Clients unable to give usual reference may forward any amount from £5 to £100 as guarantee. Credit up to double the amount sent will then be granted. This does not apply to clients who already have accounts with me. When sending money as guarantee please state "FOR SPECIAL CREDIT ACCOUNT." Clients sending guarantees must not forward commissions until they receive my official notification that the account is opened.
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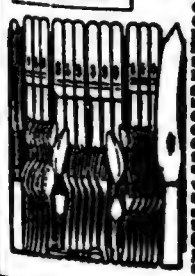

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For INDIGESTION in both STOMACH & BOWEL

Take CICFA

Because CICFA supplies the Natural Digestive Ferments

THOUSANDS say, "I never feel 'fit'"; thousands more say, "I am always in distress and pain. I have a feeling of fullness and pain at the pit of the Stomach, a burning pain between the Shoulder Blades; I have pain soon after eating, or pain two hours after eating; and with all these pains I have distress, misery, and weakness which is often worse than pain."

Yet all these pains and misery are due to the same cause as lack of fitness—that is, to INDIGESTION in Stomach and Bowel.

Those who are unfit, and those who suffer from pain and distress, must know that digestion occurs in the Stomach and also in the Bowel. Digestion begins in the mouth through the effect of the saliva upon the food, is continued on the Albuminous food in the Stomach by the Digestive Ferments, and completed in the Bowel by the action of further Digestive Ferments.

WITHOUT THESE FERMENTS DIGESTION COULD NOT OCCUR.

When these Ferments are insufficient, the Digestive Process slackens in the Stomach, and Indigestion promptly begins and upsets all Digestion lower down the Bowel.

Purgatives do not aid Digestion, but only expel the Bowel contents, including the nourishment. CICFA both adds to and stimulates the natural Digestive Ferments, and so restores Digestion. Thus the Albuminous food is digested in the Stomach, and the nourishment extracted and absorbed into the blood. The remaining food, which is chiefly Starchy, passes through the lower end of the Stomach into the Bowel, where its acidity is neutralised; its digestion continues as the Digestive Ferments act upon it, and its nourishment is absorbed into the blood as it moves slowly downwards. The Bile Circulation is corrected, fermentation gradually ceases, "starch balls," acrid acids, and other impurities are no longer formed in the Bowel, and Flatulence decreases. The blood thus grows richer and purer, nourishing the tissues and nerve centres, and producing a feeling of perfect fitness throughout the body.

INDIGESTION SYMPTOMS

In Stomach	In Bowel
GASES in STOMACH with eructations.	GASES in BOWEL or Flatulence.
Sharp Neuralgic HEADACHES.	Dull, Heavy HEADACHES.
ACID in Stomach with HEARTBURN.	ACIDITY causing Gout and Rheumatism.
TONGUE coated white all over.	TONGUE coated yellow at back.
COMPLEXION blotchy, with redness of Nose.	COMPLEXION muddy or pasty.
EATING disliked. Some Nausea.	EATING disliked or loathed. Biliousness and bad taste in mouth.
PAINS darting through Chest. Burning Spot behind left Shoulder Blade.	PAINS in Bowel, Griping and CONSTIPATION.

5, Royal Parade, Dawes Road, Fulham, S.W. 6.
March 20th, 1924.

Dear Sir,

I think that I have a duty to perform, so I am writing to tell you of the wonderful results that I have derived from the use of your Cicfa tablets, for they have cured my Stomach and Bowel troubles, and they were something chronic.

I suffered for years until I was told to try Cicfa. I was soon convinced that I had found what I needed.

I am a 'bus driver, and as you may know my meals are very irregular, and the time often short. Since I get Cicfa, when or where I eat it is all the same, for so long as I have a tablet there is no indigestion.

You may use this if you want to.

I remain, yours,
(Signed) C. PICKWORTH.

Travelling, visiting or eating away from home causes Constipation. That is not the Liver, it is Bowel Indigestion. Cicfa restores Digestion.

19,006 BRITISH DOCTORS

have already taken up CICFA, and hundreds of them have written us of the very satisfactory results which they have obtained by its use upon themselves, in their families and in practice. When so many British Doctors are satisfied with Cicfa you can purchase it and begin using it at once.

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John Bull Replies

THE Editor may be flippant on this page, but his humour is kindly and never malicious. He likes to end up the week's work on a bright note. Serious questions are handled by the expert staff of our Free Advice Service.

WAILED the Prophet: "Man is born to trouble," and Job ought to know; he'd more than his share. But then, you see, there was no Free Advice Service in Job's days. That's where you have the pull over the Patient Prophet. What's yours? Financial, industrial, social, political or domestic? We guarantee to solve the problem gratis.

J. G. G. (Sheffield).—"I like a mouthful of beer at night." We advise you to limit yourself to a pint.

H. M. (Harwood).—"In cricket, only one main question arises." How's that?

D. W. (Daventry).—"How is Czecho-Slovakia generally pronounced?" Wrongly.

J. L. (Richmond).—"Some plays in London are quite colourless." And some are quite blue.

J. J. (Hoxton).—"The lodger's baby is always pulling the cat's whiskers." We expect the nipper broadcasts.

H. J. (Newgate).—"Season-ticket holders are always grumbling." They have grievances of long standing.

W. A. (Weston-super-Mare).—"No other paper has been given so much as a hint of enclosed story." How unkind of you to pick on us for your victim.

B. S. T. (Tottenham).—"A hot argument always warms men up." And can be depended on to cool warm friendship.

MRS. W. (Longpreston).—"Don't think I ask out of idle curiosity." We feel sure your curiosity is never idle.

MRS. D. (Chorley).—"Change is the one essential if a holiday is to do one good." And lots of it according to present prices of food and lodgings.

TOMMY (Aldershot).—"Taking them altogether soldiers are very charitable." All together they are constantly presenting arms.

MISS O. (Tunbridge Wells).—"Do many lunatics really escape?" Not for long, judging from the Registrar-General's returns.

M. L. (Liverpool).—"I feel now I am burning the candle at both ends." Then you'll soon be able to make both ends meet.

B. M. (Margate).—"Seaside places are simply full of billing and cooing." We don't mind the cooing, but landladies with their billing are the limit.

B. A. (Plumstead).—"Since he failed he sports a Waterbury instead of a gold-cased hunter." Not the first time that circumstances have altered cases.

JOHN P. (Glasgow).—"It is laughable to see the shoes some women wear on their feet." But where else could they wear them?

MRS. P. (Liverpool).—"There must be some generous people in the world." True, but they seldom have any money.

N. H. (Manchester).—"I found America full of rum-runners." There are a number of Ford cars in this country also.

PROUD FATHER (Bradford).—"I've been trying to think of a good name for two weeks." What about fortnight?

TOM L. (West Bromwich).—"What can I use to give my hair that well-shined appearance?" Any good make of furniture polish should do the trick.

J. H. T. (Bognor).—"Would you like me to write a poem on your office?" Certainly not. We've just had it newly painted.

P. R. T. (Tooting).—"My boy has done nothing at school but win the hundred yards." Still, you can say he has made great strides.

J. M. (Hull).—"Babies are expensive luxuries." Every one is a little dear.

H. J. (Clapham).—"He had a dead loss of £100 with which his partner absconded." Running expenses.

G. M. (Wrexham).—"You can't lend me a tenner, I suppose." How right you are.

J. M. (Chester).—"I should like to learn a short cut to wealth." Become a shingling expert.

G. M. (Exeter).—"Wrestling is an ideal exercise for health." A grapple a day keeps the doctor away.

T. L. (Hayes).—"Did you read my article on how to preserve the complexion?" Yes; it gave us a few wrinkles.

G. A. (Neasden).—"He proposed to me while we were on the Wembley switchback." His heart being in his mouth.

INTERESTED (Hendon).—"America has produced an aeroplane which looks like a bungalow." But many of our houses have been in the air for years.

H. J. (Burton).—"Beer was first brewed 4,000 years ago by the Egyptians." What a pity the secret died with them!

L. Y. (Ely).—"Before marriage, a man can remember a woman's birthday." If he remembers it after marriage he is tactless. If he doesn't, he is mean.

L. M. (Jarrow).—"How can I avoid hitting my thumb when driving nails?" Get somebody else to hold the nails.

J. J. (Sevenoaks).—"I have brought my cigarette bill down to 6d. a week." You evidently believe in smoke-abatement.

G. M. B. (Clacton).—"I like to rush along the roads at fifty miles per hour." We hope you get plenty of "fine" days.

B. D. S. (Ockley).—"Races are won and lost by mere fractions of time and distance." And an inch of handicap may make an ell of a difference.

H. M. (Kensal Green).—"Undertakers take great care and thought in their work." It is their proud boast that they have never received a complaint from a client.

"LAYMAN" (Mistley).—"Why are a clergyman's clothes so often plain and cheap?" His position so often makes it necessary for him to cut his coat according to his Cloth.

R. G. S. (Wolverhampton).—"Why can't we all have a subsidy?" Well, we're doing our best for you. There are hundreds of subsidies for *Bullets* competitors this week—including one of £250.

The Smile Producer

SMILES issue from *The Passing Show*,
I know you'll relish every page,
This paper simply *makes* smiles grow.
Smiles issue from *The Passing Show*,
You'll relish every page, I know.
The contents eye and heart engage—
Smiles issue from *The Passing Show*,
I know you'll relish every page!
In value, wondrous worth you get!
A monster mine of matchless mirth,
It only costs you twopence, yet
You get, in value, wondrous worth!

THE SHOWMAN.

G. M. (Ayr).—"I have discovered a certain cure for obesity." Then you should soon be making fat profits.

H. M. (Norbury).—"There's plenty of sport to be had at the seaside." Deer-stalking?

G. N. (Kingston).—"Some women are mad to get married." Exactly!

P. F. (Ludlow).—"I should like to live permanently in a place where it is never cold." Don't be impatient.

F. H. (Hermitage).—"Weather-cocks are all made very much alike." Merely vane repetitions, in fact.

B. M. (Edinburgh).—"Would ye ken any beauty spots to beat ours?" Ken Wood.

O. N. (Fulham).—"I'm going away for the water cure." To America?

V. E. H. (Edinburgh).—"If a play isn't good, I never go to see it." How do you know if the play's not good until you go to see it?

W. W. (Gloucester).—"A goose actually lives in our house." Well, we wouldn't advertise the fact, if we were you.

NELLY C. (Swanage).—"I love bathing very early from a natural bathing-tent in the rocks." Very nice; but mind there are no other hidden coves about.

R. S. (Lincoln).—"I hired an evening-dress suit, but found it too small for my girth." What, even after the tailor had let it out?

DORIS F. (Eastbourne).—"A very nice young man offered to teach me to float." And after that, no doubt, you got on swimmingly together.

B. A. (Leegate).—"I always look at things both ways." Surely you ought to get some spectacles to correct your optical misfortune.

BERTIE W. (Margate).—"I threatened to get another girl if she didn't use powder." That, no doubt, put a different complexion on the matter.

C. E. (Porton).—"I'm thinking of writing a popular song." Then if you want it accepted you must stop thinking.

H. DE N.-L. (W.1).—"There is something very touching about this artist's work." The artist, possibly?

"CAREFUL" (Rugby).—"I never throw away what is often called 'rubbish.'" Had you done so, however, you'd have saved the postage and also our time.

G. J. (Johnston).—"My new car broke down, and I only just caught the train by continuing on foot." You must admit you had a run for your money.

H. T. A. (Warboys).—"It doesn't take me long to say what I think." Only a stop-watch could make the calculation.

J. N. (Sheffield).—"I hope one day to be a Doctor of Literature." Much of the stuff that's written to-day certainly needs one.

A. T. N. (Mostyn).—"There's a good deal of sense in what you say." And a lot of nonsense in what is said to us.

D. W. (Waltham).—"In the long run, fear is greater the day *after* a fright." One gets, presumably, a second wind-up.

"ELOCUTIONIST" (W.2).—"Two eggs, an hour before delivering a lecture, is an ideal meal." Many public speakers take them during their speeches.

HAROLD H. (Hartfield).—"Besides being a bricklayer, I'm an organist as well." Yours seems to be all manual labour.

D. D. (Haslingden).—"We must look for guidance to others—teachers, for instance." And parsons, for "example."

D. S. (Sheffield).—"For years I have had many letters after my name." We should think you'll soon get the Final Demand.

S. V. (Luton).—"I ran half a mile after a hat, and then found it wasn't mine." We suppose you then had to run another half a mile to make it yours?

T. K. (Accle).—"It's easier to get out of an office than into one." We frequently have to demonstrate this sad truth to poets and others.

M. K. (Margate).—"A beach entertainer here talks of "dissolving views" on his programme—but I haven't seen any." Not even when he comes round for the collection?

Mrs. B. L. (Tufnell Park).—"The fast young man next door will look over the wall and make eyes at my daughter." Tell him when you're in need of a gardener rake you'll ask him in.

(Many replies unavoidably held over.)

AUGUST 15, 1925

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WITHOUT LABOUR
Get a tin to-day from your Chemist, Grocer or Ironmonger.

Buy to-day a 9d. Bottle of
MASON'S Extract of Herbs
and make prime beer at home. It will only cost 6d. per gallon.
Rowbell Aitkenson Ltd. Nottingham.

BABY CARS from 52/6

Direct from Factory, On Approval.
CARRIAGE PAID.
Retail Profits Saved.
Cash or Easy Terms.
Send now for Free Art Catalogue.
GODIVA CARRIAGE CO. Dept. 58) COVENTRY.

Facial Skin Trouble

For all facial skin ailments—Eczema, Eruptions, Pimples, Rough Red Patches, and Scurf Germolene is unrivalled.

Letter from Mrs. A. Barnes.

Mrs. Ethel A. Barnes, of 123, Granville Street, Grimsby, writes as follows concerning her little son, Clifford Barnes, aged 4 years:—"For about a month Clifford suffered from a most terrible form of Eczema on his face, which was very painful and irritable. Notwithstanding all we did for him, there was no improvement. On Thursday, the 5th June, I decided to try Germolene, and did so. On Friday, the 6th, there was improvement, and on Sunday, the 8th of June, there was practically no trace of the trouble except the red marks. At the present time we can report a thorough cure, and I write to express my sincere thanks."

Clifford Barnes.

Use Germolene for **Eczema, Rashes, Ulcers, Piles, Itching, Cuts and Burns, Skin Eruptions, Ringworm, Chapped Hands, Chilblains, and all Itching or Ulcerated Surfaces.**

GERMOLENE ASEPTIC SOAP contains some of the active properties of Germolene, and should always be used by those who have regard for an unblemished skin. Obtainable of all Chemists at 1/- per tablet, or in boxes of three tablets, 2/9.

SOOTHES AT A TOUCH!

HOME PRICES: **1/3** *and* **3/-**

Of all Chemists throughout the Empire.

Germolene
The Aseptic Skin Dressing

ADDITION
Cream
Butter
Eggs
Milk
Sugar
Total
SHARP'S Super-Cream TOFFEE
6d per ¼ lb

I offer you the pick of COVENTRY'S BEST BICYCLES ON 14 DAYS' APPROVAL
PACKED FREE AND CARRIAGE PAID.
First instalment secures immediate delivery, satisfaction or money refunded. Thousands of testimonials. Lowest Cash prices quoted.
W.B. for FREE BARGAIN LISTS NOW.
The O'Brien Ltd. COVENTRY.

Superb Furniture Catalogue FREE!

Make your Home Beautiful

(Settee opened out for use as a bed. Size 6' 2" by 4' 6")

Convertible Bed-Settee

Patent Convertible Settee, constructed of solid oak, polished a rich antique brown, upholstered any colour corduroy velvet, fitted with wire spring mattress and large box under for accommodation of bed linen. This Settee can be converted (with one simple movement) into a double bedstead **£9-15-0**

Easy Chair of same design which converts into a single bed **£5-15-0**

Bedroom Suite of new and original design, constructed of oak and polished a rich mellow brown of light fumed colour. Comprising 3-ft. wardrobe, fitted brass rod and hooks inside, 2-ft. 6-in. dressing table, with large mirror and two drawers, 2-ft. 6-in. washstand, with marble top, towel rails fitted, and one cane or rush seat chair **£12-17-6**
An ideal suite for flats or small houses.

This book enables you to do it NOW!

BE like the thousands of men and women who are to-day the owners of happy and beautiful homes in every part of the Kingdom. Send for the Free Midland Book. Choose *any* furniture you want.

For a first payment of only 2/- for each £1 worth you order we will deliver everything immediately, carriage paid.

The balance you can settle in small monthly payments spread over one, two or three years, as you may prefer. You will have no interest to pay—we give three years' credit free.

Money buys More at the Midland.

Everyone who visits our three acres of galleries and 30 Model Rooms is astonished at the immense choice of furniture, the splendid quality, the low prices. We pay customers' fares to London on all orders of £30 and upwards.

Write for the FREE BOOK to-day

Special Discounts.
5% for payment within 12 months;
2½% for payment within 2 years.
(Deducted from full amount of order).
No interest added.

1 minute from Holborn and British Museum Tube Stations.

Hours, 9 till 6

The Midland Furniture Galleries

Contractors to H.M. Crown Agents for the Colonies.

Saturdays, 9 till 1.

10-18, Southampton Row, London, W.C.1.
Midland Furnishing Co. Ltd. *Our only address.*

A FREE TRIAL PACKAGE
of Antikamnia Tablets
to all who suffer from

Headache
NEURALGIA, TOOTHACHE

There is hardly a home in the world where a pain does not occur frequently—someone suffering from an attack of Neuralgia, Headache, Rheumatic Pains, or any of the painful minor ailments that attack the human body. Think what it would mean to be able to relieve every sufferer in your home! And here is a simple remedy that relieves pain in a few minutes. To prove this astonishing claim we will send you

A FREE TRIAL PACKAGE
of Antikamnia Tablets

Members of the medical profession from every part of the world report that Antikamnia Tablets never fail to give relief from the pains of Rheumatism, Headache, Neuralgia, Sciatica, Toothache, and women's aches and pains. There are no unpleasant after-effects from taking Antikamnia Tablets, which are entirely harmless.

Test these claims for yourself - send your name and address on a postcard to the Antikamnia Tablet Dept. A.32, 46, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C.1, and you will receive a generous trial package and an interesting book containing medical evidence free of charge.

Ask for AK *Tablets*

Anti-Kamnia

"QUICK RELIEF FOR PAINS & ACHES."
Of all Chemists, 1/3, 3/-, 7/6
VEST POCKET PACKAGE 1/3 POST FREE. JB

CALLING CROSSES

Voices from Graves Dug Eleven Years Ago

IT is just eleven years ago that the first of the graves of thousands of British heroes who died for their country during the war were dug in the blood-stained soil of France and Flanders. These men went out light-heartedly at the call of duty and gave up their lives that those whom they had left behind and who were to come after them might live in a world of peace and comfort.

From the United Kingdom alone 743,702 of these gallant fellows were killed, and the corner of North-Western Europe "that is forever England" is now dotted with crosses whose outstretched arms appeal for recognition of their sacrifice and devotion to the humanitarian duty of succouring the dependents and loved ones left to mourn their loss.

The call of these crosses has largely remained unheard and unheeded by a generation to whom the war and the frightful sorrow and suffering which it brought in its train are matters of history rather than of poignant experience.

It is strange in these days to find youths growing into manhood and going about the occupations which bring them the means of livelihood and in some cases rapidly accumulating riches without any realisation of the blood and tears on which they are building their futures and their fortunes. "What did you do in the Great War"? from being a question arousing harrowing and hallowed memories has passed for many of those young people into a contemptuous jest.

Eleven years after the frightful cataclysm which plunged the nation into mourning, making widows of happy wives and orphans of unborn children, those thousands of crosses with their outstretched arms are still calling across the water for succour for those who live on with lives overshadowed by the poverty and distress which is the inevitable aftermath of war.

They call now for just a penny a week for the "Greatest of These—" Fund, a small enough sacrifice, no sacrifice at all to those who have not known what it is to offer up father or brother, husband or lover on the altar of patriotic duty.

Do not let the silent plea of those little white crosses, so pathetic to those who can appreciate their significance, go unheeded any longer.

"The Greatest of These—"

Registered under the War Charities Act as the JOHN BULL *War Sufferers' Fund. All cheques should be made payable to the Fund, and donations addressed to the Hon. Secretary, at 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. Every penny that is subscribed to "The Greatest of These—" Fund goes to give help to the needy. All the expenses of administration are borne by* JOHN BULL.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

£1: "I. D. B. P. G." 7d.; W. Campbell, 1s.; A. Caldwell, 2s. 6d.; Q. E. D. (Cardiff), 2s. 6d.; E. T. (W. Gorton), 2s. 6d.; M. T. P., 1s. 2d.; Melton Mowbray, 2s.; R. J. H., £1; H. B., 6d.; W. Oxbury, 1s.; N. Starbuck, 10s.; G. H. Wright, 10s.; J. P. Hudson, 6d.; Beta's Trifle, 3d.; W. A. Rowell, parcel; G. W. Turner, parcel; "Freemason," £1; B. B. R., 6d.; Fitch, 1s.; J. N. S. M., 6d.; Betty's Holiday Ninth, 9s.; Freddy, 5s. 0½d.; F. G. Wicks, 10s.; F. H. Smethurst, 5s.; J. Thomson, 1s. 6d.; W. Ainscough, 3s.; E. Purkiss, 1s.; Manchester, 2s. 6d.; H. E. M., 1s.; Grateful Heart, 2s.; Ex-B.E., 10s.; A. Thom, 1s.; Hoping for Luck, 1s.; Nick, 1s.; E. B. (Walthamstow), 1s. 6d.; Lonely and Unhappy, 2s.; "Cogwheel," 5s.; "Weed, Hants," 1s.; Baby Marian (Birkenhead), 6d.; Every Little Helps, 2s. 6d.; Stoker's Ninth, 2s 3d.; Mr. A. B. (Berks), 1s. 6d.; To Help, 2s.; Friday's Ninth, 6d.; Joyse, 2s.; W. A., 6d.; A. K., 10s.; Mrs. R. Bushnell, 1s.; Mrs. E. Smith, 2s. 6d.; F. Smith, 1s.; Every Little Helps, 4s.; E. G., 5s.; Poplar, Anon., 6s. 6d.; A. H. Humphrey, 2s. 6d.; Mrs. Serridge, 6d.; "Mickydoo," 2s. 6d.; W. H. Thelwell, 1s.; E. B. Cummings, 2s. 6d.; "Haslemere," 2s. 6d.; Tango, 6d.; Judie's 2nd 9th, 6d.; Lillian, 1s.; L. N., 2s.; "In Memory of Thomas Sharples," 1s.; Jessie, 1s.; "C.-on-M.79," 3d.; "21752," 4½d.; Miner's Wife, 6d.; W. A. R., 2s.; G. S. Longmead, 1s. 6d.; "A.C.P. Tinhat," 2s. 6d.; Phelo, 1s.; Barton-on-Humber, 12s.; A. Stokes, 6d.; P. Dunbar, 10s.; H. Haigh, 2s. 6d.; Ex-Sgt. John Moyle, £1 6s.; C. B. (Norwich), 6d.; "Galez," 2s.; F. C. P., 1s. 3d.; Mary Thompson, 5s.; Insurance Agent, 12s. 6d.; Widow, 1s.; "Browale," £2; Brightlingsea, 1s.; A. P., 1s.

(Many acknowledgments unavoidably held over.)

"Bullets" £1 Prize-winners

(Continued from page 31)

Balsall Heath, B'ham; C. Riley, 2, Mulberry St., Otley Rd., Bradford; Mrs. D. Salkind, 8, Harzan Terr., Port Talbot; S. Seagrave, 58, Chatsworth Rd., Chesterfield; Mrs. Sewell, 102, High St., Horsey, N.; C. A. Shambrook, 19, Eighth Av., Manor Park, E.; Miss J. Sharpe, 32, Jutsums Lane, Romford; R. Sims, 56, Radcliffe Gdns., London, S.W.; Mrs. M. Smeeton, 78, Hamilton St., Devonport; C. E. Spring, 43, Windsor Rd., Stirchley, B'ham; Miss A. Stewart, 22, High St., Arderier; J. Stinchcombe, 2a, Retreat Rd., Richmond, Surrey; Miss N. Stock, 168, Victoria St., Chadderton, Nr. Oldham; C. E. Stokes, Armstrong Park, Newcastle; E. Stuart, 17, King St., Stirling, N.B.; Mrs. A. Summers, Crossways, Thornbury, Bristol; G. H. Swainston, 58, Fenton St., Boosbeck, Yorks; S. Taggart, 192, Conn's Brook Av., Belfast; A. Tongue, 77, Spencer St., B'ham; J. Urn, Allanton, By Shotts, Lanarkshire; H. A. Wake, 67, Alexander St., Carlisle; J. Wakefield, 249, Balham High Rd., London, S.W.; W. Warren, 33, Longcroft Rd., Camberwell, S.E.; F. Whitehead, 28, Bolton St., Oldham; Mrs. L. Williamson, 196, Fulbourne Rd., Walthamstow, E.; F. Williams, 120, Victoria Rd., Walton-le-dale, Preston; E. Wood, 10, Racefield Rd., Knutsford, Ches.; J. R. Woods, 32, Ilchester Rd., Wallasey; H. Wright, 23, College St., Northfleet, Gravesend.

List of 200 Five-shilling Prize-winners in "Bullets" Competition No. 570 will be published in next week's "Competitors' Journal." Complete list of Cash and other Prize-winners can be seen at the offices of "John Bull."

SPECIAL NEWSAGENTS' PRIZES.

Cheques for £5, £2 and £1 respectively will be paid to the Newsagents from whom the winners of the First Three "Bullets" Prizes in Competition No. 570 have purchased their copies of "John Bull."

"BULLETS" RULES.

1. The First Prize will be awarded for what in the opinion of the judges in consultation with the Editor is the best Bullet received and, the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality.

2. Bullets must be plainly written on one of the coupons, and only two attempts may be written on each coupon.

3. All four coupons may be used, and a postal order enclosed at the rate of 6d. for each coupon made use of, which must be made payable to JOHN BULL and crossed and Co. Competitors must write their names and addresses and the date of sending the order on the back of the postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Coupons must not be mutilated.

4. All coupons arriving too late to be judged with absolute thoroughness will be duly returned.

5. The Editor undertakes that every Bullet received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges.

6. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects, and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry.

Employees of Odhams Press are not eligible to compete.

"John Bull" Guarantee

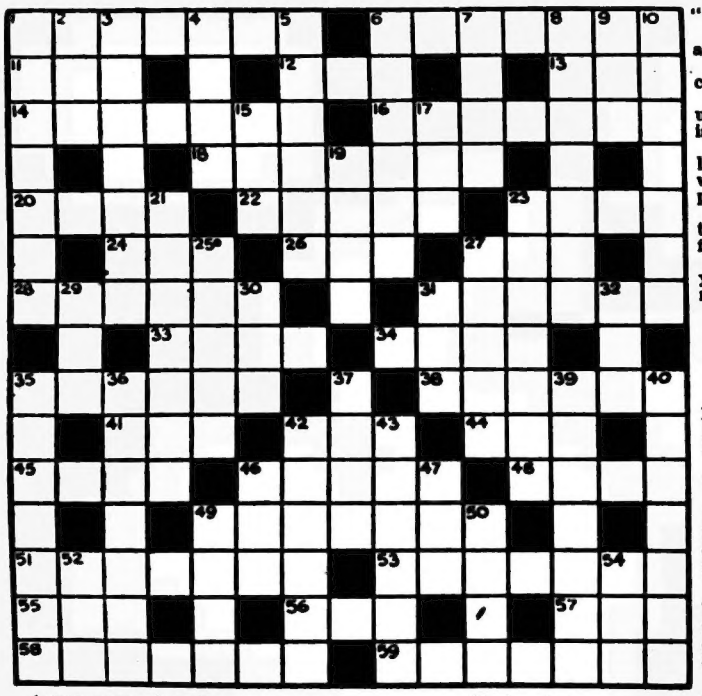
EVERY article advertised in "John Bull" carries with it a "money-back" guarantee. Naturally this guarantee applies only to manufactured articles, but every care is taken to satisfy ourselves as to the bona fides of all advertisements in "John Bull."

All foods, food products, toilet preparations, medicines and drugs, and other articles capable of a laboratory test which have been approved by our experts are marked JB —in the case of medicines and drugs we guarantee that if they are taken or applied according to the directions they will have no injurious effects. Any complaint must reach us within one month from the appearance of the advertisement in "John Bull," and in the case of dispute the decision of our Managing Director shall be final.

ODHAMS PRESS LIMITED,
Proprietors of "JOHN BULL."

Our Cross-word Corner — *500 Prizes!*

That Cross-word Feeling



Cross-words No. 29. Closing Date Aug. 19.

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

"THERE has been a decrease in fever victims," reports the Ministry of Health. That's because cross-word fever is not a notifiable complaint.

There is only one cure for this fever—you must let it work its course.

The latest to fall a victim to the fever, we are told by a very unreliable informant, is Mr. Bernard Shaw. In his case the fever is not chronic. Nothing ever is with Mr. Shaw—except Mr. Shaw.

However, one victim has got it very badly. Writing from a large house at Colney Hatch, he says he sent in an attempt that was inspired by the spirit of Plato. "Why did I not receive a prize, eh?" he asks.

That is a question asked by hundreds every week. The clue to this is plain: prizes go to the 500 successful attempts that are first opened.

This week there are 500 prizes. One of them is yours if your attempt is correct and is among the first 500 opened. And none is opened until after the closing date, August 19th.

CLUES

ACROSS.

1. Insane person.
6. Aggressive.
11. Before.
12. Beverage.
13. Northern river.
14. Flavouring for sweets
16. Rock.
18. To lower.
20. Pale.
22. Tenure of land.
23. Present.
24. Consume.
26. Cereal.
27. Part of verb "to be."
28. Gained by labour.
31. Hero of children's fiction.
33. Found in wood
34. Destruction
35. Most recent.
38. Property.
41. Tiny
42. Exclamation.
44. Number.
45. Feather necklets.
46. Sharper.
48. Muck.
49. Plan.
51. Account books.
53. To work.
55. Ailing.
56. Female sheep
57. Beverage.
58. Corrected.
59. Outstanding.

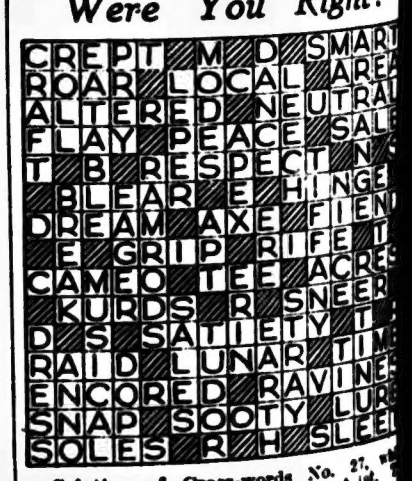
DOWN.

1. Loss.
2. Vessel.
3. Not one or the other.
4. Fastened.
5. Beggar.
6. To degrade.
7. Chimney vent.
8. To speak to.
9. French for "born."
10. Relating to the earth.
15. Fish.
17. Poem.
19. Beams of light.
21. American Citizens
23. Frequented by ghosts.
25. Rigid.
27. Human Joint.
29. Exclamation.
30. Small pointed mark.
31. Hint.
32. Cereal.
35. Blue flowering plant.
36. Rubbishy words.
37. Loud report.
39. To bring to life.
40. To beseech.
42. Prejudiced.
43. Brave men.
46. Tree.
47. Smart tap.
49. Deceased.
50. Ground grain.
52. Tree.
54. Number.

Fill in the Puzzle squares, write your name and address in the space provided, cut out the whole, and post to Cross-words No. 29, P.O. Box 200, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2. Cross-word solutions must not be enclosed with "Bullets" coupons.

Another Fine Cross-word Puzzle in "The People" on Sunday

Were You Right?



Solution of Cross-words No. 27, which appeared in our issue of August 1st. The prizes have been despatched, and a list of prize-winners may be seen at this office.

BRITISH MUSEUM 3 SEP 25

RESULT OF "BULLETS" COMPETITION No. 570.

FIRST PRIZE OF £250:

Mr. B. H. PHILIPPART, 10, York Street, Swansea.
Example:—BUSY MAN
Bullet:—FORGETS NATURE'S BUSY TOO.

SECOND PRIZE OF £100:

Mr. R. W. OWEN, 7, Sidney Street, Northwich, Cheshire.
Example:—WHAT IS A POLICEMAN?
Bullet:—CIVIL GUARD—CIVIL GUIDE.

THIRD PRIZE OF £50:

Mr. H. J. HALL, "The Beary," The Avenue, Hamstreet, Ringwood.
Example:—WITH EASE . . .
Bullet:—MANY "CHANGE THEIR OPINIONS."

FOURTH PRIZE OF £25:

Mr. R. A. HAWKEY, "Stanford," Saltdean, Sussex.
Example:—WHAT WE DON'T WANT
Bullet:—"PICK" BECOMING INDUSTRY'S "ANCHOR."

FIFTH PRIZE OF £10:

Mr. W. HAMMOND-COLLINS, Glenmire, Beverley Road, New Malton.
Example:—MY HOLIDAY
Bullet:—"FINE"—OR "IMPRISONMENT."
(Entered on "Target" Prize coupon.)

10 Prizes of £5 each:

Mrs. BAILEY, 250, Malmesbury Park Rd., Bournemouth.
A BIT ROUGH—BUT SOOTHING, MOTHER'S HANDS.
V. CLEMENTS, 65, Kilmartin Ave., Norbury, S.W.
MY HOLIDAY—LANDLADY'S "TONIC"—LANDLORD'S "PILL."
(Entered on "Target" Prize coupon.)
J. J. BOLAND, 3, Wellington Sq., Douglas, I. o. M.
WHAT THE FOREMAN SAID—"FLU? LEFT YOU BRONZED!"
Mrs. BURROWS, 2, New Cottages, Reigate Hill.
SEASIDE BOARDING-HOUSE—"FOOD COMMISSION" SITS DAILY.
(Entered on "Target" Prize coupon.)
Miss M. CARLTON, c/o. 409, Mare St., Hackney, E.
WITH EASE—BRIDGEMAN'S IRONCLADS BLUNTED AXE.
R. HUDSON, 3, Queen St., Low Moor, Clitheroe.
HOLIDAY PROBLEM—SIGHT-SEEING—OR SIT SIGHING.
J. A. MCFARLANE, 305, Maxwell Rd., Glasgow.
AFTER A BATHE—IF NOT, *Fry* NOT.
Miss L. A. MCKAY, c.o. Mrs. Curnick, 38, Lammas St., Carmarthen.
WITH EASE—FAVOURITE WON—REINS BROKE.
F. POLLARD, 41, Wynyard Rd., Winton, Bournemouth.
WHAT WE DON'T WANT—THE "DEAR *Departed*" BACK.
E. ROEBUCK, 199, Kilnhurst Rd., Sandhill, Nr. Rotherham.
WHAT WE DON'T WANT—PANTRY SUBSIDISING COAL-CELLAR.

10 Prizes of £2 10s. each:

Mrs. E. BARDSLEY, 49, Legh St., Warrington.
HOLIDAY PROBLEM—PACKING UP, THEN IN.
W. BISHOP, 70, Stanstead Rd., Portsmouth.
I'D LIKE TO KNOW—IF PREMIER SMOKES OPIUM.
L. CHANTER, 126, Brereton Ave., Cleethorpes.
MORE AT HOME—AFTER LANDLORD'S *Gone*.
D. H. COLLOUGH, 191, Shelbourne Rd., Bournemouth
WHAT WE DON'T WANT—"HUMAN MACHINES" ALL "WATER-COOLED."
Mrs. E. DONKE, 59, Gordon Rd., Lower Edmonton, N.
WHAT WE DON'T WANT—OTHER LISTENERS PROBABLY ENJOYING.
W. HARRIS, 266, Short Heath Road, Erdington, Birmingham.
WHEN FUNDS ARE LOW—DOMESTIC CHANCELLORS *Must* ECONOMISE.
J. C. LEVETT, 13, Commercial St., Nelson, Cardiff.
WITHOUT A FRIEND—GRANDFATHER FRIENDS—AND SKINFLINT.
MOORE, Eastwood, Crescent Rd., Heybridge, Maldon, Essex.
SORRY SHE SPOKE—DODGE'S MEAN WIFE APOLOGISES.
NICHOLSON, 193, Bearwood Hill, Burton-on-Trent.
DECEIVES NOBODY—COMMUNISM—ONCE IT'S UNDERSTOOD.
WILLIAMS, 13, Minafore, Bangor.
WHAT FATHER DID—PRISONER SURPRISED POLICE OMITTED.

100 Prize-winners of £1:

J. Ball, Ream Villas, Pontefract; Mrs. M. Bishop, Purl St., West Brunswick; A. W. Bendrate, 25, The Gardens, East Dulwich, S.E.; F. Boucher, 10, Allison Rd., Aldershot; A. Brown, 604, London Rd., Isleworth; Mrs. Brownlee, Cliff Rd., Walderslade, Nr. Woodbridge, Suffolk; G. C. Bunyon, 28, Overton Rd., Brixton, S.W.; H. Burgess, 5, Bungalow, Windmill Lane, Donnybrook Rd., Dublin; G. Burrage, 24, Manton Rd., Gravesend, Kent; V. C. Callen, 2, Parade Terr., Broadway, W. Hendon, N.W.; J. Chandler, 29, Lothian St., Norwich; M. C. Chapman, c/o. Silver Moon, Richmond, Yorks; S. E. Chase, Milton Rd., Ryton, Stockton-on-Tees; Miss C. L. Clark, 42, Lincoln Rd., East Finchley; R. B. Cleary, 39, Castle St., Salisbury; H. Collier, Smith's Wharf, Queenhithe, E.C.; J. A. Cook, 14, Reveley Rd., London, S.E.; J. Connolly, 5, Vicars Hall Lane, Boothstown, M/c.; J. Cooper, 9, Dilsbury Rd., Stockport; A. Crossley, "Cross Bank," Abbey Rd., Blackpool; F. Dawes, 6-19, Grove Rd., Smethwick; A. R. Deanship, 2, Canal St., South Wigston, Leicester; W. Dick, 219, Alameda St., Hamilton, N.B.; F. Dronsfield, 9, Acacia Grove, Reddish, Stockport; E. H. Forster, 10, St. Alban's Rd., Thorne, Nr. Doncaster; W. C. Fox, White Lodge Cottage, Kingsbury, Queen, N.W.; St. Francis, St. Nicholas Boys' School, Strood, Kent; E. Smith Franks, Gardendale, Ryton, Nr. Newcastle; Mrs. E. Froude, 62a, St. Johns St., Folkestone; F. Garrod, 127, Willesden Lane, London, N.W.; M. Germaine, 182, Well St., Hockley, B'ham; J. Green, c/o. 22, Whitehirk Rd., Blackburn; Miss M. Hale, "Lynwood," Springfield Rd., Attleboro', Nuneaton; E. Hamilton, Mouth Farm, Greenfield, Holywell; J. Hardie, Pulau Station, Portobello, W.B.; Miss J. Harper, "Viola," Godwins Croft, Branesgrove, Christchurch; H. Harris, 12, Sneinton Dale, Nottingham; Miss A. E. Haydon, 275, Yardley Rd., 6th. Yardley, B'ham; H. Hickson, 158, Patrick St., Grimsby; Mrs. A. M. Hilton, 126a, Shepherd's Bush Rd., London, W.; D. Hockey, c/o. 820, Whitchurch Rd., Cardiff; H. S. Hodges, 72, High St., Worcester; Miss V. Holland, 55, West Park Rd., South Shields; M. Holmes, c/o. 9, Portland Rd., Southall, Middx.; G. H. Hopkins, Hollow Green, Nr. Worcester; D. Hughes, 7, Upperbridge, Holmfield, Nr. Huddersfield; Miss A. Jones, 277, Southampton St., Camberwell, S.E.; T. O. Jones, 184, Wedham Rd., Bootle, L'pool; J. Judd, 66, Atkinson Rd., Newcastle; Mrs. Kerr, 74, de Beauvoir Rd., Kingsland; Miss C. Kirkup, 8, St. Andrews Rd., Shotesbrooke; T. Lanigan, 760, Main St., Tollcross, Glasgow; S. Lee, 70, Garners Lane, Davenport, Nr. M/c.; E. Malcolm, 21, Priory Rd., Exeter; R. J. McColl, 10, Hillington Gdns., Cardonald, Glasgow; H. G. McDonald, 47, East London St., Edinburgh; W. J. McKavanagh, 55, Portair St., Belfast; G. A. McKenny, 128, St. George's Park Av., Westcliff-on-Sea; A. McIntyre, 49, Woodcroft Rd., Wavertree, L'pool; W. H. Mears, Penkridge, Stafford; A. Mickley, 161, Wellfield Rd., Streatham, S.W.; A. Morris, Mill House, Cobham, By Gravesend; Miss D. Nelson, 13, Glendower Rd., Waterloo, L'pool; D. Nicholas, Jnr., 19, Berwicks Rd., Northwich, Ches.; A. Oakes, 2, Oakland Av., Hastington, Ches.; A. E. Page, 11, Grosvenor St., Brighton; C. L. Pateman, 14, Obelisk Rd., Woolston, Southampton; W. A. Plant, 56, Endicott Rd., Witton, B'ham; R. Platt, 11, Regina Rd., Alstree, L'pool; J. Priest, 14, Oakleigh Terr., Westbury Rd., Dover; P. Reast, 62, Hardwick St., Pilsbelf, Derbys; E. C. Reed, 5, Molly Av., Runcorn Rd.

(*Continued on page* 30.)

EXAMPLES FOR "BULLETS" No. 572.

FOR BRITAIN
A SUBSIDY
HOLIDAY PRICES
ARMY OF UNEMPLOYED
IF WE'RE ALIVE
THE KING'S HIGHWAY
AN EXTRA
SEASIDE PIERROT
FLIRTING
IN A STORM
FATHER'S BUSINESS
HER FIRST THOUGHT
ON AND OFF
WAKING UP
NEARLY FORGOTTEN
WITH A BUMP
LONELY
WHAT SHE DIDN'T SAY
LAZY HUSBAND
SELDOM MENTIONED
GIVEN TIME
MODERN MASTER
WHAT THE FATHER SAID
WITHOUT WORK
IF SHE'S CLEVER
POSTERITY
GIVING THE GAME AWAY
AT BEDTIME
HEARD IN THE MOONLIGHT
BY MACHINERY
FOOLISHLY
WHAT IS LUCK?

HOW TO MAKE "BULLETS."

Choose any of the *Examples* printed; then give any Two, Three or Four Words, having some bearing on the *Examples* chosen, each of which can begin with any letter in the alphabet. These specimens will guide you:—

Example:—BROWN GOOSE *Bullet*:—LET'S ALL "CARRY SAMPLES."
Example:—DERBY AND JOAN *Bullet*:—FRAIL COUPLE—STOUT *Couples*.
Example:—HOMES FOR *Heroes* *Bullet*:—"BRAVE" BEFORE HEROES "BENT!"

USE POSTAL ORDER AT THE RATE OF 6d. FOR EACH COUPON USED.

Address Coupons to:—"Bullets" No. 572, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2. (Comp.)

PLEASE POST EARLY IF YOU CAN

You can help us by posting early, but all "Bullets" entered in time receive the same careful adjudication.

Example _____ Closing Date, Thursday, August 20.
Bullet _____
Example _____
Bullet _____
(572) P.O. No. _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on page 30. With 1 Coupon, send P.O. for 6d.
Signed _____
Address _____

Example _____ Closing Date, Thursday, August 20.
Bullet _____
Example _____
Bullet _____
(572) P.O. No. _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on page 30. With 2 Coupons, send P.O. for 1s.
Signed _____
Address _____

"Bullets" must consist of Two, Three or Four Words.

Example _____ Closing Date, Thursday, August 20.
Bullet _____
Example _____
Bullet _____
(572) P.O. No. _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on page 30. With 3 Coupons, send P.O. for 1s. 6d.
Signed _____
Address _____

Example _____ Closing Date, Thursday, August 20.
Bullet _____
Example _____
Bullet _____
(572) P.O. No. _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on page 30. With 4 Coupons, send P.O. for 2s.
Signed _____
Address _____

☞ If you desire to send in further "Bullets" you can write them on plain paper

SELECTION OF EXAMPLES FOR "BULLETS" COMPETITION No. 572.

MAN WHO PAYS—IF WE'RE NOT CAREFUL—SEASIDE VISITOR—HOW TO BE HAPPY—CHAPTER OF ACCIDENTS—WHAT MONEY CAN DO—CHANCES OR FAILURE—SHOWED ME WAS GOTTEN—AT THE POLICE-STATION—THINKING OF HER—IF EVERYBODY WORKED—WHAT THE ECONOMIST SAID—A JOY-RIDE—FOR REVENUE—HER BABY—GOOD FORTUNE—HEARD IN ONE TRAIN—WRONG MAN—EXPLAINS EVERYTHING—WHAT IS PROHIBITION?

These Examples can be made use of on the Coupons on this page, and must reach us on or before **THURSDAY, AUGUST 27.** All Coupons so used **MUST** be marked clearly with the number **572** in the top left hand corner, and envelopes containing these Coupons must be addressed "Bullets" No. **572**, JOHN BULL, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. (Comp.) Such Coupons must not contain any of the Examples for Competition No. **572.**

The original cheque for £250 awarded to the First Prize-winner in "Bullets" Competition No. 569 can now be seen in the window of Mr. F. H. Tims, 104, Shirley Road, Southampton.

Use these wonderful Cleansers—and get these FREE Gifts

These three super-cleansers are household necessities, and no home should be without them. They each represent the finest of their class. Yet apart from their exceptional merits each bears a **FREE GIFT** Coupon. You have only to save the Coupons from **NEW-PIN' SOAP, 'WISK' & 'BRITOLIC' SOAP** to obtain beautiful **FREE GIFTS**, which include Ladies' Costumes, Underwear, Handbags, Umbrellas, Boys' Suits, Jewellery and many charming and useful additions to the home, such as Cutlery and Plate, etc.

Only a few Coupons from "**NEW-PIN**" **SOAP**, "**WISK**" or "**BRITOLIC**" **SOAP** are required. Start saving them now! Some from each will do—they all count the same value for **FREE GIFTS**.

None of the **FREE GIFTS** bear any advertising matter whatsoever. They are exactly as sold at the best West End shops, stores and jewellers, etc.

THE BRITISH SOAP CO., LTD.
(Allied with The British Oil & Cake Mills, Ltd.)

"NEW-PIN" SOAP
The highest grade soap—UNRIVALLED for Laundry and all House hold purposes.

"WISK"
The Wonderful Cleanser and Polisher
Works wonders in the Home. "Wisk" dirt away.

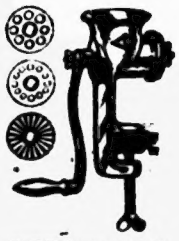
"BRITOLIC" SOAP
The finest Health Soap. It disinfects while it cleans. Don't be without it.

They all bear NEW-PIN FREE GIFT COUPONS

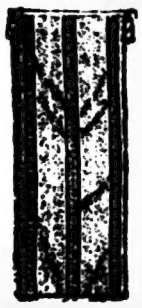
FREE

GENT'S ART. SILK SCARF & GENT'S ART. SILK NECKTIE. The Scarf is of a beautiful design. The very thing for day or evening wear. Can be worn with or without collar. Just the same as sold in the London Stores. The Tie is also of a beautiful knitted design. The two articles for 48 Coupons. Post free.

2 LAVATORY TOWELS. Essential to every home. For 24 Coupons. Post free.



MINCING MACHINE. Made to clip on the edge of any table, with set of knives. A very useful kitchen article. For 75 Coupons. Post free.



TURKISH ROLLER TOWEL. Large Turkish Roller Towel measuring 2½ yards. Very useful in every home. For 48 Coupons. Post free

RUBBER HOT WATER BOTTLE. A large-size Rubber Hot Water Bottle, of best English make, just the very thing for cold feet or for airing the bed. For 100 Coupons. Post free.

No. 1 SIZE SCISSORS. For Manicure or Embroidery. Beautifully made and finished. The same as used in the most expensive sets. For 20 Coupons. Post free. **No. 2 SIZE SCISSORS.** Beautifully made 5in. steel Scissors. Very useful in every home. For 24 Coupons. Post free. **No. 3 SIZE SCISSORS.** Full-size Household Scissors. Warranted forged steel of finest make. Essential to every housewife. For 36 Coupons Post free.

LADIES' & GENT'S RUBBER GLOVES. In sizes 6½, 7, 7½, 8, 8½. These Gloves are specially made to protect your hands from grease and from any kind of work you do. When you put them on there is hardly any difference in the feel. It is almost as though you were working naturally. One pair for 36 Coupons. Post free.

GENT'S LOOSE LEAF WALLET. Real Morocco Leather, with large pocket and various sized pockets for letters, visiting cards stamps, Treasury Notes—in fact, pockets for everything, with a book of refills. An ideal present for any gentleman. For 200 Coupons. Post free.

COMB. Imitation Tortoiseshell Comb, fully grained, half rake For 12 Coupons. Post free.

TOILET BAG, RUBBER SPONGE & TOOTH BRUSH. A handsomely made Rubber Bag, including Rubber Sponge, and Tooth Brush. Essential to every home. The three articles complete for 36 Coupons. Post free.

GENT'S DRESSING GOWN OR BATH ROBE. These Robes are very handsome and are the same as sold in the London Stores. Every gentleman should possess one. For 300 Coupons. Post free.

LADIES' INDOOR OR OUTDOOR ALL-WOOL CARDIGAN. A very handsome garment of English manufacture. Can be worn indoors or outdoors. A real West End style. In the following colours: Black, White, Grey Fawn, Putty and Peach. For 80 Coupons. Post free.

LADIES' DRESSING GOWN or BATH ROBE. These are beautifully made, and are the same as sold in all West End Stores. For 250 Coupons Post free.

RAZOR & RAZOR TOWEL. A hollow-ground Razor and Razor Towel, which will guarantee you an easy shave The two articles for 80 Coupons. Post free.

SHAVING BRUSH. A real bristle and real tortoise and badger Shaving Brush. Guaranteed free from anthrax. A brush that every man that shaves would be proud of. Can be had for 36 Coupons. Post free.

BOY'S PENKNIFE with two blades. For 12 Coupons. Post free.

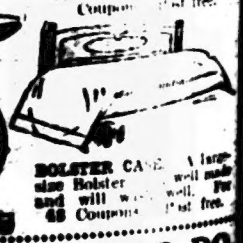
SCHOOL SATCHEL. Suitable for either boy or girl. Includes leather straps, etc. Strongly made, holds quite a lot and is very neat. For 80 Coupons. Post free.

THE BRISTLES CLOTHES BRUSH. Very useful in every home. For 24 Coupons. Post free.

LADY'S RUBBER APRON. This Apron is really and truly handsome, useful, strong, absolutely waterproof and attractive to wear. The ideal thing for every woman. For 36 Coupons. Post free.

BEST FAMILY SCALES. Family Kitchen Scales, weighing up to 14lbs. For 160 Coupons. Post free

BOLSTER CASE. A large-size Bolster Case, well made and will wash well. For 48 Coupons. Post free.



FREE

6 CHINA COFFEE OR SMALL TEA CUPS & SAUCERS. Japanese, with beautiful designs and figures on them. Fit for any table. The 6 Cups and Saucers for 60 Coupons. Post free.

ALL YOU HAVE TO DO

Save the Coupons from "**NEW-PIN**" **SOAP**, "**WISK**," and "**BRITOLIC**" **SOAP**, send them together with your name and address and details of the present you require, written on a sheet of paper to—

MISS "NEW PIN," FREE GIFT DEPT.,
47, HATTON GARDEN, LONDON, E.C.1.

REMEMBER! You may send Coupons from "New Pin" Soap, "Wisk," or "Britolic" Soap, or some from each. They all count the same value for **FREE GIFTS.**

ASK YOUR GROCER FOR COMPLETE LIST OF FREE GIFTS.

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